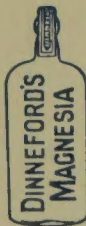




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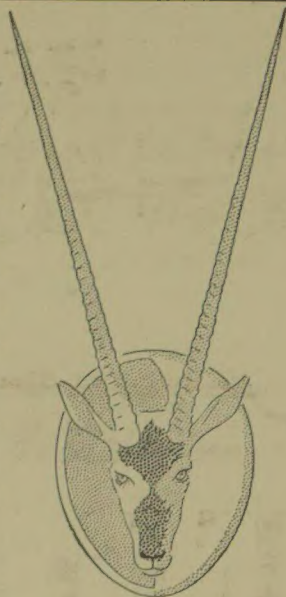
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SATURDAY, JULY 25, 1936.



"THEIR NAME LIVETH FOR EVERMORE": PART OF THE ROLL OF HONOUR ON THE CANADIAN WAR MEMORIAL ON VIMY RIDGE, TO BE UNVEILED BY THE KING ON JULY 26—A TRIBUTE TO CANADA'S 60,000 FALLEN.

On Sunday, July 26, the King is to unveil the Canadian National War Memorial on Vimy Ridge, far the largest war monument in France or Belgium. It bears a plaque recording that it is the tribute of Canada to her 60,000 fallen (here and elsewhere), among them over 11,000 Canadian soldiers who have no known graves, and it also commemorates the French troops who died at Vimy. The

stone used in building the memorial came from ancient quarries at Spalato, Yugoslavia, which centuries ago supplied material for Diocletian's palaces. On this stone are carved the names of the gallant dead, the Canadian Provinces, and battle honours of regiments that fought for the Ridge. On later pages we give further illustrations, including war-time photographs of the historic battle.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

WRITING last week in this page, I observe, I allowed myself the liberty of some Unkind Reflections on Politicians. This, of course, will do no harm to the politicians, who are an equable sort of men, accustomed to brickbats, leading articles, and the kind of brawling truculence which happens at the back of the hall whenever any of their opponents manage to get into their meetings. Nothing short of successful physical violence puts them out, and even this many of them learn to bear with good humour: I have even heard of one candidate who makes a point of sending his wife to canvass a particularly unruly quarter where she can count on being pelted with cabbage-stalks by the youth of the rival party—an inconvenience which is later turned to glorious gain in other parts of the constituency. A mere insult or casual expression of disapproval has few terrors for the old campaigner. "I wish," said Macaulay to the man at the hustings who explained that the dead cat which he had thrown at him had been intended for his opponent, "that you had meant it for me and hit Mr. Adeame."

Abusing politicians in a "free country" is such easy game that it scarcely seems fair. It is so, however, for if the statesman under bombardment is a seasoned hand he has comparatively little to fear from abuse. Like Tar Baby, all he has to do is to lie low and say "nuffin'." Provided he exercises this self-restraint, he can generally count on the quiet satisfaction of seeing his assailants stretched out in the end upon the field of battle, the victims of their own superfluous vehemence—

The man recovered from the bite;
The dog it was that died.

This imperturbability among experienced statesmen is often set down to their lack of conscience. The private citizen sees them, year in and year out, smilingly going about their business under a torrent of abuse and detraction that would soon cause him to curl up and die. In his more jaundiced moments, therefore, they appear to him as a pack of brazen-faced old gentlemen, who have somehow got into their hands the power of letting down their country by a supineness and folly of which they are not in the least ashamed. As he reads in his morning paper of their latest ineptitude, he mutters beneath his breath or speaks of their idiocy and knavery in unmeasured terms to his wife, who cordially agrees. Then, having other and more important things to think about, he dismisses them from his mind. Yet the real reason for the statesmen's calm under detraction is exactly the opposite. Successful politicians, at any rate in this country, are usually people with rosy faces, bright, confident eyes, and clear complexions; your shifty fellow, so common in the higher ranks of other professions, is seldom to be found among the elect of this particular calling. Their consciences appear to be completely untroubled, and they are not given to introspection. The abuse which the public showers on them disturbs them not in the least, because they feel it is undeserved. And they are quite right.

For though democratic statesmen are always talking, and incessant talking is said to be one of the most salutary exercises in the world, it cannot be only this that causes their inward health. It is rather the consciousness that as men they have done all that it is possible for them to do, and the consequent knowledge that all that is said against them by their enraged fellow-citizens is utterly beside the point. They know that, try as much as they may, good government in a world where human beings are left free to express their own foolish preferences is unattainable. Their faces wear the sweet, tolerant, contemptuous—were it not so wise and fond—expression that mothers assume when their offspring are being particularly silly. Good souls, they know that they have done their best and know that their critics, comprehending nothing of the difficulties with which they have had to contend, are merely advertising

government as the art of writing on a clean sheet of paper. Most professors of political science whose works I have read, or to whose rather naïve lectures I have had the pleasure of listening, seem to suffer from the same delusion. Their childlike innocence always recalls to me that brief but happy aberration of my boyhood when, having mastered the Greek alphabet, I supposed that all I had to do to translate Homer was to transcribe these hieroglyphics into the familiar characters of my native tongue.

Politics entail making men and women do or suffer things for their common good which in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred their individual desires or instincts prompt them to resent. The simplest and most universal way of achieving this obviously difficult end is to bribe, or in some other way persuade, a sufficient number of sturdy and determined

fellows to apply the coercive of disciplined force to the divided, and therefore helpless, majority whom it is required to rule: that is, to compel men for their own good. This is the old way of all "strong" governments—of ancient Oriental despotisms and modern authoritarian states alike—it is certainly by far the easiest method of government. Indeed, so difficult of achievement is any other, that many people suppose that it is the only way. It has, however, one great disadvantage; that, human nature being what it is, there is an almost irresistible tendency among those who establish rule by force for the good of the ruled to retain it ultimately for the good of themselves. Sooner or later this becomes so obvious that the governed refuse to be governed any longer, and express their refusal with such vehemence that the disciplined force of the few is no longer able to restrain the undisciplined force of the many. Hence democracy.

Somewhere in his wise and well-mannered writings, Mr. John Bailey, criticising certain premises of that remarkable book, "The Economic Consequences of the Peace," observes that: "Mr. Keynes knows everything except the art of politics, which is the science of discovering, and the art of accomplishing, the practicable in public affairs." This was sound criticism, and of a kind that any man who ventures to express his opinions on politics will do well to apply to himself.

For it lies at the root of the whole weakness of modern democracy, that those who have to-day the ultimate control of government in such "free" countries as Britain, France, and America are too prone to hinder the reforming action of a good administration by irresponsible criticism. Any fool can draw up a scheme of government or a policy on paper, but, without the coercion of a dictatorship, only a very wise, a very patient, and a very fortunate man can persuade his fellow-countrymen to agree to it. The successful democratic statesman who is to achieve anything beyond the dreary pursuit of his own career needs to be all those things, and when we lightly dismiss our chosen Parliamentary leaders as fools, let us make quite certain that we are not merely writing down ourselves as such.



THE COMMANDER OF THE CANADIAN FORCES THAT CAPTURED VIMY RIDGE IN APRIL 1917: THE LATE LORD BYNG OF VIMY (THEN LT.-GEN. SIR JULIAN BYNG; SEATED, CENTRE) IN A CONTEMPORARY GROUP OF OFFICERS TAKEN AT THE CANADIAN CORPS HEADQUARTERS.

This photograph, taken in 1917, shows the personnel of the Generals' Mess at Canadian Corps Headquarters. From left to right the figures are—(seated) Brig.-General W. B. Lindsay, C.M.G., Lieut.-General Sir Julian Byng (afterwards Field-Marshal Lord Byng of Vimy), and Major H.R.H. Prince Arthur of Connaught; (standing) Brig.-General E. W. B. Morrison, D.S.O., Brig.-General P. de B. Radcliffe, D.S.O., Brig.-General G. J. Farmer, C.M.G., Lt. Sir Basil Brooke, Bt., M.C., and Captain the Hon. G. J. M. St. Clair. Sir Julian Byng, who had previously commanded the Cavalry Corps in France, and had then been sent to the Dardanelles to take charge of the 9th Army Corps, was recalled to the Western front in May 1916, and assumed command of the Canadian Army Corps. Shortly after the capture of Vimy Ridge (on April 9, 1917) he took command of the 3rd Army, retaining that post till the end of the war. In 1919 he received a barony and a grant of £30,000. From 1921 to 1926 (when he was made a viscount) he was Governor-General of Canada. In 1928 he became Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police. He died last year.

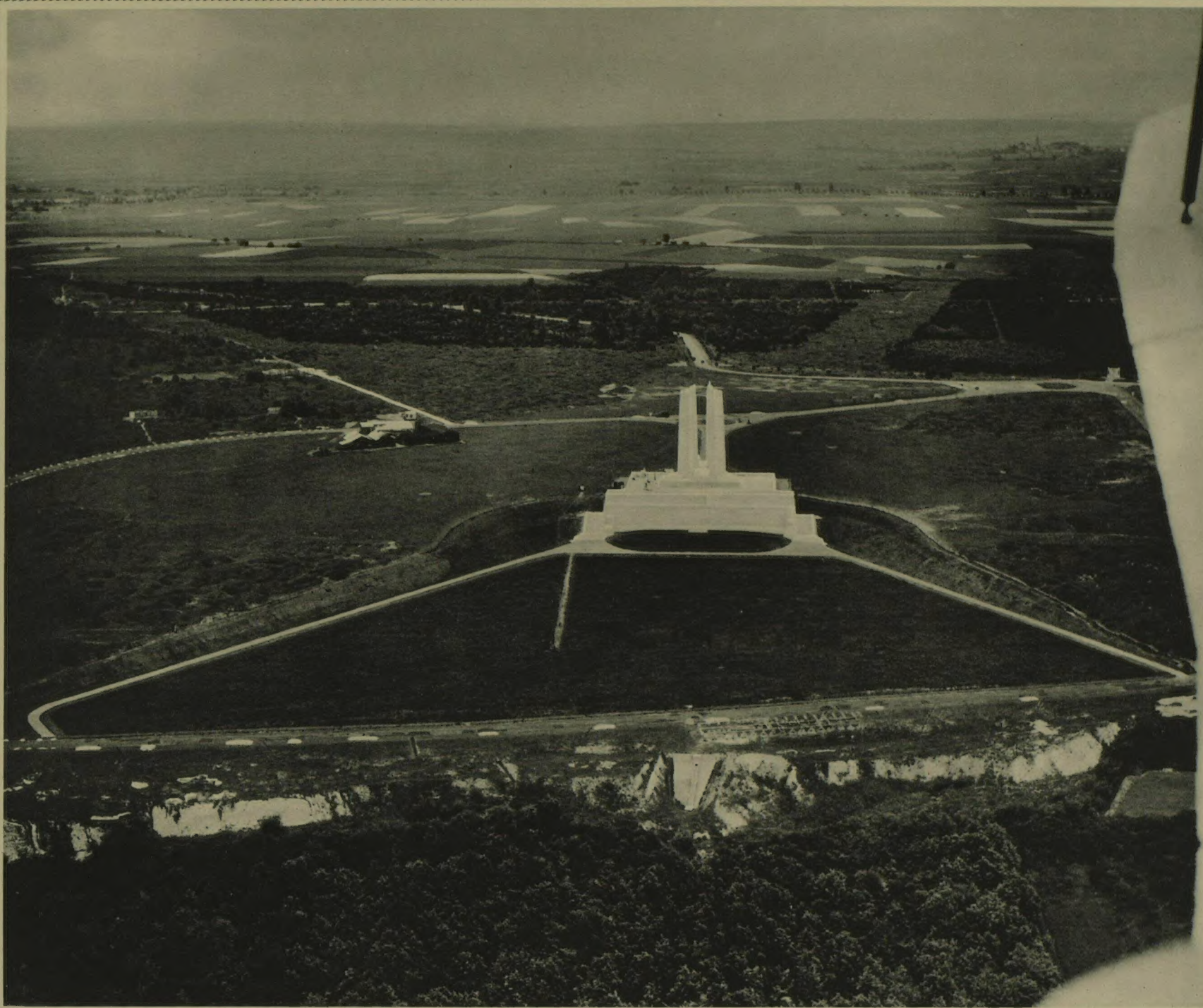
Imperial War Museum Photograph. (Copyright Reserved.)

their own ignorance. And there is nothing that gives a man a better conceit of himself than the spectacle of his detractor talking publicly through his hat.

For politics in a democratic country are not the simple affair that they seem. It is no child's play to secure the consent of some millions of fools and at least a proportionable number of knaves—all very busy, for their own ends, in deceiving the fools—to the complicated business of legislation. The more obvious its need the more the fools will oppose it, and the wiser it is the more will the knaves. The critic at the breakfast table, poor simpleton, supposes that all that is necessary to carry a particular measure is to state its desirability. He sees the art of

VIMY RIDGE: The unveiling of the great Canadian War Memorial by his Majesty the King will be fully illustrated in our next issue; dated Aug. 1. The price will be One Shilling as usual.

VIMY RIDGE THEN AND NOW: CANADA'S MONUMENT; ITS SITE IN WAR TIME.



"A CORNER OF A FOREIGN FIELD" THAT IS FOREVER CANADA: VIMY RIDGE AS IT APPEARS TO-DAY—AN AIR VIEW SHOWING THE CANADIAN NATIONAL WAR MEMORIAL, BUILT ON A SITE PRESENTED BY THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT, AND A WIDE EXPANSE OF THE FORMER BATTLEFIELDS, WITH MONT ST. ELOI (RIGHT BACKGROUND).

THE general aspect of the Canadian National War Memorial, which the King is to unveil on July 26, is well shown in the upper photograph, with the two great pylons, each 138 ft. high, representing France and Canada. The monument is the work of Mr. Walter Allward, of Ottawa, the Canadian sculptor and architect, who has devoted some fourteen years to the design and execution of his great task. Its actual construction has occupied about eleven years. After the unveiling the pylons are to be floodlit at night, to give an effect of moonlight. The lower walls of the Memorial are embedded in Vimy Ridge itself, and it has become an apparently natural feature of the skyline, visible for many miles in clear weather. It symbolises the spirit and the sacrifice of France and Canada in those days when Vimy, Neuve Chapelle, and other neighbouring villages were little more than charnel-houses. As Mr. Allward



VIMY RIDGE AS IT APPEARED IN 1917 AFTER IT HAD BEEN THE SCENE OF A GREAT FEAT OF ARMS PERFORMED BY CANADIAN TROOPS: AN AIR VIEW LOOKING SOUTH-EAST, SHOWING (ACROSS FOREGROUND) A CURVING LINE OF CAPTURED GERMAN TRENCHES.

has said: "We emphasise to the people of the Douai Plain that Canada is keeping watch and ward over her fallen sons." Vimy Ridge, which reaches a height of about 476 ft., is an eastern spur of the loftier ridge of Notre Dame de Lorette. The Canadian Memorial stands in a parkland of 200 acres, a permanent gift from France to Canada, which contains some of the preserved trenches once occupied by Canadian troops. The monument, which has cost over £200,000, weighs 50,000 tons, stands on a 235-ft. base supported by a 15,000-ton bed of concrete, and rises 240 ft. high at the topmost point of Vimy Ridge. The view of the scene to-day, as shown in our illustration, contrasts vividly with the "abomination of desolation" spread by modern warfare, as seen in the lower photograph, which shows Vimy Ridge, with some captured German trenches, as it appeared shortly after the Canadian attack.

THE FIGHT FOR VIMY RIDGE: RECORDS OF THE GREAT STRUGGLE WHERE THE CANADIAN WAR MEMORIAL STANDS.



THE PRELIMINARY BOMBARDMENT WHICH PREPARED THE WAY FOR THE ADVANCE OF THE CANADIAN INFANTRY: HEAVY ARTILLERY SHELLS "SEARCHING" THE GERMAN LINES ON THE LOWER SLOPES TOWARDS VIMY RIDGE—DIRECT HITS ON THE ENEMY TRENCHES.



AFTER DAWN ON THE DAY OF THE ATTACK ON VIMY RIDGE: A DRAWING MADE ON THE SPOT BY BRYAN DE GRINEAU, SHOWING A VIEW, FROM CARENCEY, OF THE BOMBARDMENT OF AN ENEMY POSITION CALLED "THE PIMPLE" (BEYOND THE RIDGE AND NOT HERE VISIBLE).



AT DAWN ON EASTER MONDAY, APRIL 9, 1917: CANADIAN TROOPS ADVANCING AT A STEADY PACE, UNDER HEAVY FIRE, ACROSS NO MAN'S LAND AND THROUGH GERMAN BARBED WIRE BROKEN DOWN BY THE PRELIMINARY BRITISH BOMBARDMENT, AT THE TAKING OF VIMY RIDGE.

We reproduce here from our issues in April and May, 1917, some memorable photographs and drawings, contemporary with the events, recalling incidents of the great fight for Vimy Ridge, on ground where now stands the Canadian War Memorial. The Battle of Arras began on Easter Monday, April 9.

On the next day Sir Philip Gibbs wrote from British Headquarters: "During last night the Canadians gained the last point, called Hill 145, on the Vimy Ridge, and this morning the whole of that high ridge, which dominates the plains to Douai, is in our hands. The Canadian attack yesterday was



PREVENTING ATTACKS FROM BEHIND OUR ADVANCING TROOPS: ONE MAN (RIGHT) BOMBING A GERMAN DUG-OUT TO FORCE OUT THE OCCUPANTS, WHILE ANOTHER STANDS READY TO COMPEL SURRENDER—SHOWING GERMAN BOMBS (BEHIND THE CONCRETE DOOR) AND A GAS-ATTACK ALARM-BELL HUNG FROM A TRENCH BRIDGE.



THE SHARE OF THE TANKS IN TAKING VIMY RIDGE: ONE (IN FOREGROUND) CRUSHING ITS WAY OVER A GERMAN MACHINE-GUN POST, AND FIRING ITS OWN "STARBOARD" MACHINE-GUN WITH DEADLY EFFECT; ANOTHER (IN RIGHT BACKGROUND) FLATTENING OUT THE ENEMY'S BARBED WIRE.

astoundingly successful." The preliminary bombardment by our artillery had been overwhelming. The advancing troops found that many German trenches and barbed wire entanglements had been absolutely obliterated. Tanks also had a share in overcoming the enemy's resistance. The drawing of a German

dug-out being bombed illustrates the process of "mopping-up," instituted to counteract the enemy's trick, on being driven from a position, of leaving behind men to fire at the backs of our advancing troops. Beside the door are German regimental signs, and on shelves below a store of stick-bombs.

ONE OF CANADA'S "GREAT PAGES" IN THE WAR'S HISTORY: VIMY RIDGE.



THE BATTLE OF VIMY RIDGE—ONE OF MANY IN WHICH CANADIANS DISTINGUISHED THEMSELVES: TANKS AND TROOPS ADVANCING OVER OPEN GROUND, APRIL 12, 1917.



GERMAN TROOPS SURRENDERING TO THE CANADIANS AT VIMY RIDGE: SOME OF THE 12,000 AND MORE PRISONERS TAKEN IN THE BATTLE OF ARRAS.



ANOTHER BATCH OF THE PRISONERS TAKEN DURING THE BATTLE OF ARRAS: GERMANS LEAVING DUG-OUTS AND SURRENDERING TO ADVANCING CANADIAN TROOPS.



THE VIMY RIDGE ACTION: A GERMAN MACHINE-GUN EMPLACEMENT IN THE VILLAGE OF THÉLUS, CAPTURED BY THE CANADIANS ON APRIL 9, 1917.



THE CANADIAN HORSE ARTILLERY AT THE CAPTURE OF VIMY RIDGE: MAKING AN EMPLACEMENT FOR A GUN AND BRINGING UP AN AMMUNITION WAGON.



ONE OF 150 CAPTURED GUNS TURNED AGAINST THE ENEMY: THE 17TH BATTERY, CANADIAN FIELD ARTILLERY, USING A GERMAN 4.2-INCH HOWITZER.

Vimy Ridge, of course, was by no means the only great Canadian action in the war. In a message to the Memorial pilgrims the Governor-General, Lord Tweedsmuir (John Buchan), states: "Most of the high lights of the campaign were associated with Canada's name—the magnificent stand at Second Ypres in 1915; the capture of the Vimy Ridge in 1917; the great advance on August 8, 1918 . . . the capture of the Drocourt-Quéant switch in September of the same year, which made victory certain. Canada has written great pages in the history of the War, and in the history of the world." At Vimy (see the lower right

illustration) the enemy's guns were taken and turned against them. Here we may recall a passage in "A History of the Great War," by John Buchan. Describing the Battle of Arras (including the assault on Vimy Ridge), he says: "Altogether in the three days over 12,000 prisoners and 150 guns were captured, and the guns were speedily turned into British weapons. Byng (commanding the Canadians) formed a '1st, 2nd, and 3rd Pan-Germanic group' out of the batteries which fell to his share. These were the largest captures so far made by the British Army in a like period of time."



TO BE UNVEILED BY THE KING ON JULY 26: THE CANADIAN NATIONAL WAR MEMORIAL ON VIMY RIDGE—A VIEW SHOWING (RIGHT) THE FIGURE OF CANADA "WEEPING FOR HER CHILDREN, BECAUSE THEY ARE NOT."

At the base of the two great pylons, which, as previously noted, stand for France and Canada, is a sculpture group symbolising the Spirit of Sacrifice. The statuary group at the foot of one stairway (here seen in the centre foreground) comprises "The Defenders" and "The Breaking of the Sword."

MEMORIES OF VIMY RIDGE: BATTLEFIELD SCENES; AND A POST-WAR PILGRIMAGE.



THE CAPTURE OF VIMY RIDGE, AT EASTER, 1917: CANADIANS CONSOLIDATING THEIR NEWLY-WON POSITION—DIGGING FRESH TRENCHES IN SHATTERED GERMAN LINES.



A MOVING GLIMPSE OF INDIVIDUAL SUFFERING ON VIMY RIDGE: A CANADIAN SOLDIER STANDING BY A WOUNDED COMRADE SEATED WITH BOWED HEAD



MEN WHO HELPED TO IMMORTALISE VIMY RIDGE FOR CANADA: A PHASE OF ITS CAPTURE—CANADIAN MACHINE-GUNNERS, USING SHELL-CRATERS AS COVER, SUPPORTING THE INFANTRY.



ON THE STRICKEN BATTLEFIELD OF VIMY RIDGE IN 1917: CANADIANS ON THE ARRAS-LILLE ROAD BESIDE A CAPTURED GERMAN MACHINE-GUN EMPLACEMENT.



ELEVEN YEARS AFTER THE BATTLE FOR VIMY RIDGE: PILGRIMS IN 1928 LEAVING THE ENTRANCE OF THE GRANGE SUBWAY, PART OF A LABYRINTH OF TUNNELS USED DURING THE WAR, AND SINCE PRESERVED BY THE CANADIANS.

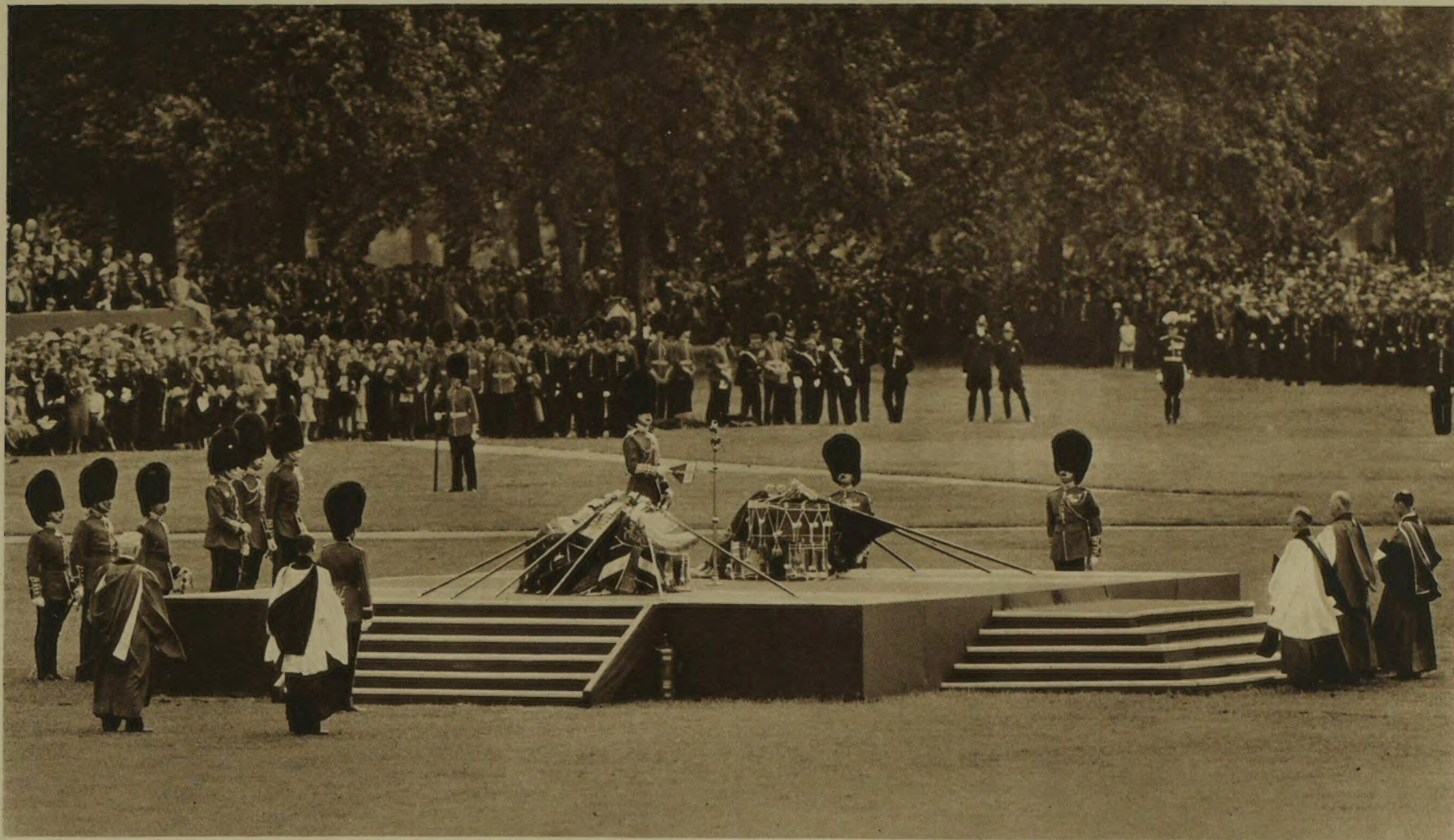


TEN YEARS AFTER THE CANADIAN FORCES TOOK VIMY RIDGE: GERMAN CONCRETE DUG-OUTS OPENED TO THE PUBLIC IN 1927—AN ENTRANCE TO UNDERGROUND GALLERIES.

The significance of the Canadian exploit at Vimy Ridge is well brought out in "A History of the Great War," by C. R. M. F. Cruttwell, Principal of Hertford College, Oxford. Describing the 1917 battle of Arras, he says: "The capture of the Vimy heights had fully justified this offensive. As Colonel Boraston justly points out, their possession was of supreme importance in March, 1918. The German assault on Arras (March 28, 1918) would certainly have been successful if that commanding point had still been in the enemy's hand; and Amiens could then scarcely have been saved. Haig had resolutely refused to omit the attack

on Vimy from his programme, in spite of the reiterated opposition of Nivelle, who desired the battle-front to be extended farther south." One illustration above recalls a great battlefields pilgrimage organised in 1928 by the British Legion and the British Empire Service League, and attended by the Prince of Wales, now King Edward VIII. On August 6 about 10,000 British pilgrims visited Vimy Ridge, where they were welcomed by the French civic authorities. Some of the pilgrims explored part of the great system of tunnels, extending many miles, by which troops were brought up for the historic attack in April, 1917.

BEFORE THE CONSTITUTION HILL INCIDENT: THE KING AND THE COLOURS.



"HUMANITY CRIES OUT FOR PEACE AND THE ASSURANCE OF PEACE, AND YOU WILL FIND IN PEACE OPPORTUNITIES OF DUTY AS NOBLE AS ANY THAT BYGONE BATTLEFIELDS CAN SHOW": THE KING ADDRESSING THE TROOPS IN HYDE PARK BEFORE PRESENTING TO SIX BATTALIONS OF THE GUARDS THE COLOURS SEEN PLACED ON THE PILED DRUMS.



THE PRESENTATION OF THE CONSECRATED COLOURS: THE KING HANDING THE KING'S COLOUR AND THE REGIMENTAL COLOUR TO THE OFFICERS APPOINTED TO RECEIVE THEM ON BENDED KNEE AND MARCH WITH THEM TO THEIR PLACES IN THE LINE AS THE BANDS PLAYED THE NATIONAL ANTHEM AND THE TROOPS PRESENTED ARMS.

It was while the King was riding back from Hyde Park at the head of the troops after having presented Colours to six Battalions of the Guards on July 16 that there occurred on Constitution Hill the startling incident which drew heartfelt expressions of thankfulness that the risk to which he had been exposed had been so promptly averted. This is illustrated on succeeding pages. Here, it is appropriate to quote from the speech made by his Majesty: "Your Colours not only represent a scroll of the past with all its glories, but, to-day and for the future,

they are emblems of all that stands for the honour of a soldier and the honour of your regiments as much in years of peace as on the field of war. Only a few of us on parade this morning have known the awful weight of war . . . during the world struggle of twenty years ago. . . . I pray that never again will our age and generation be called upon to face such stern and terrible days. Humanity cries out for peace and the assurance of peace, and you will find in peace opportunities of duty and service as noble as any that bygone battlefields can show."

"THE REVOLVER WAS FOUND TO BE LOADED IN FOUR OF ITS FIVE CHAMBERS": THE KING AT THE TIME OF THE INCIDENT.



WITH A GLANCE AT THE SCUFFLE ON CONSTITUTION HILL, THE KING RIDES ON: HIS MAJESTY GEORGE ANDREW McMAHON SEEN IN THE HANDS OF THE POLICE (LEFT

After his Majesty the King had presented Colours in Hyde Park on July 16, and while he was riding back to Buckingham Palace at the head of the troops, there was a dramatic and startling incident on Constitution Hill. Referring to it in the House of Commons during the afternoon, Sir John

Simon, the Home Secretary, said: "... a man pushed his way to the front of the crowd near the Wellington Arch, on Constitution Hill. Exactly what followed has not yet been precisely ascertained, but a revolver fell in the roadway between the King and the troops following him. The man



TURNING HIS HEAD SLIGHTLY TO WITNESS THE ARREST OF THE MAN CHARGED AT BOW STREET. CENTRE, HIS HEAD VISIBLE BETWEEN THE HELMETS OF TWO CONSTABLES.

was immediately arrested and taken to Hyde Park Police Station. No shot was fired, but the revolver was found to be loaded in four of its five chambers. . . . The whole House will be profoundly thankful that the risk to which his Majesty was exposed was so promptly averted." Viscount

Halifax made a similar statement in the House of Lords. So sudden was the affair that few of the crowd realised the nature of the happening—as our photograph shows. On the 17th the police issued a request asking witnesses of the occurrence to communicate with New Scotland Yard.

“THE RISK TO WHICH HIS MAJESTY WAS EXPOSED...PROMPTLY AVERTED”: AFTER THE ARREST ON CONSTITUTION HILL.



IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE INCIDENT: A SPECIAL CONSTABLE AND TWO CONSTABLES TAKING UNLAWFULLY IN POSSESSION OF A LOADED REVOLVER, WITH INTENT TO ENDANGER

The man arrested on Constitution Hill was taken to Hyde Park Police Station, thence to Cannon Row Police Station, and thence to Bow Street Police Court, where, in the afternoon, he was brought before the Chief Metropolitan Magistrate, Sir Rollo Graham-Campbell. His name was given

as George Andrew McMahon, thirty-two, describing himself as a journalist, of Westbourne Terrace, Hyde Park. The charge was: "Unlawfully having in his possession on July 10, at Constitution Hill, a loaded Chicago Arms Company revolver, with intent to endanger life and property, contrary to



THE ARRESTED MAN FROM THE SCENE (LEFT)—TO BE CHARGED AT BOW STREET WITH BEING UNLAWFULLY IN POSSESSION OF A LOADED REVOLVER, WITH INTENT TO ENDANGER LIFE AND PROPERTY. (RIGHT) THE MOUNTED POLICEMAN WHO PICKED UP THE WEAPON.

Section 7 of the Firearms Act, 1920." Giving evidence, Chief Detective-Inspector Sands stated that, at Cannon Row Police Station, the prisoner said: "The King wasn't hurt in any way, was he? I did not want to hurt him in any way. I only did it as a protest." The Detective-Inspector

also stated: "I was handed this five-chambered revolver (at Hyde Park Police Station), which was loaded with ball ammunition in four of the chambers, but not in the top chamber which gave immediate access to the barrel." The prisoner was remanded in custody until Friday, July 24.

THE BLESSED DAMOZEL.

BEING AN APPRECIATION OF
"SAINT JOAN OF ARC": By V. SACKVILLE-WEST.*

(PUBLISHED BY COBDEN-SANDERSON.)

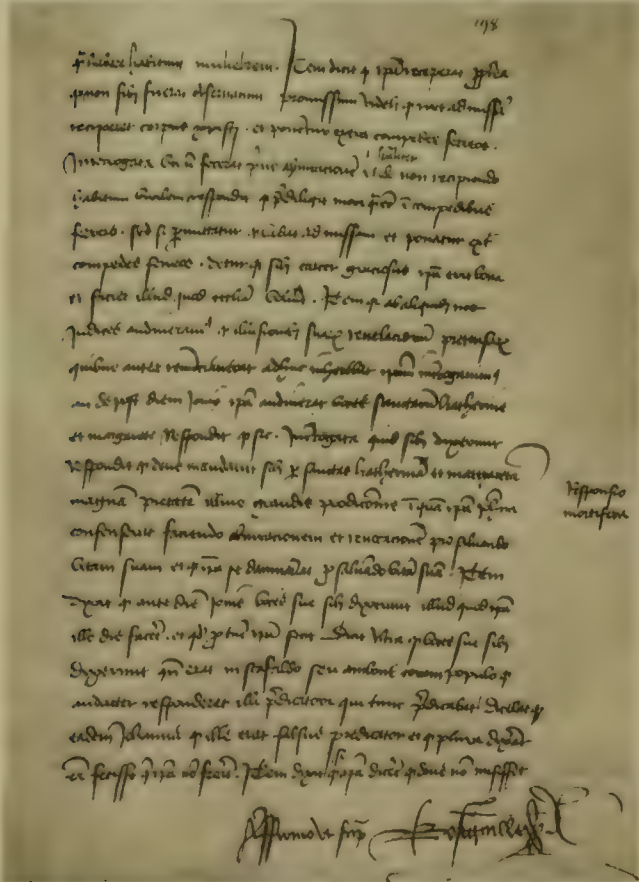
SAINTE-BEUVE, whom Miss Sackville-West quotes on an introductory page, pitied Joan of Arc chiefly because "sa mémoire a provoqué d'écrits et de compositions de diverses sortes." The "écrits et compositions" are not likely to decrease as the years pass; for Joan is, and probably always will remain, one of the most baffling enigmas in history. Our bewilderment about her, how-

to dwindle; how, indeed, as a matter of sheer vitality, could it be otherwise? But at the height of her inspiration and energy, she seems to have been a dynamo which nothing and nobody could resist.

Her military and political contribution to European history was, in effect, accomplished within five months of the year 1429. The achievement was as complete as it was swift. "She had, in some extraordinary way, become the hope of France; a shrunken France. That shrunken France acclaimed her; wanted her; armed her; mounted her; and unfurled her flags above her boyish head. She had definitely ceased to be Jeanette from Domremy, and had become officially Jeanne la Pucelle, the hope, the saviour. The hour had come when she could impose her will." For those eventful five months she behaved to friend and foe alike as a despot whom it was impious to withstand, and all turned out as she had promised. Orleans was delivered, the English were put to flight, and, at the supreme moment of her life, she stood beside her King, her standard in her hand, when he was crowned and anointed; to many in that cathedral, and perhaps even to herself, it must have seemed that it was she who was sanctified, rather than the wretched puppet whom she had almost dragged to his throne and who afterwards let her perish without moving a finger to help her. All this is without parallel in the history of womankind; and it becomes the more astonishing the more we contemplate it; but it is not for this that Joan is chiefly remembered to-day. Her triumph was moral, not material. She is the imperishable example of a human being, weak, alone, and unaided, who, against crushing odds of temporal and spiritual power, preferred to suffer a terrible death, and even to imperil her immortal soul, rather than sacrifice conviction. Miss Sackville-West truly observes that "one must accept, *a priori*, the principle that Jeanne had to be regarded either as saint or devil." It is a mistake to condemn her judges too harshly; in view of her undeniable and undenied heresy, how could they find her to be a saint, and if she was not a saint, what else could she be, in that relentless theology, but a limb of Satan? And so, as the Saint of Saints died under the mocking title of "King of the Jews," this simple, virtuous, and supremely gallant child (she was only nineteen) died under this blasting description: "Liar, pernicious, deceiver of the people, sorceress, superstitious, blasphemous of God, presumptuous, disbeliever in the faith of Jesus Christ, boastful, idolatrous, cruel, dissolute, invoker of devils, apostate, schismatic, and heretic." It took the

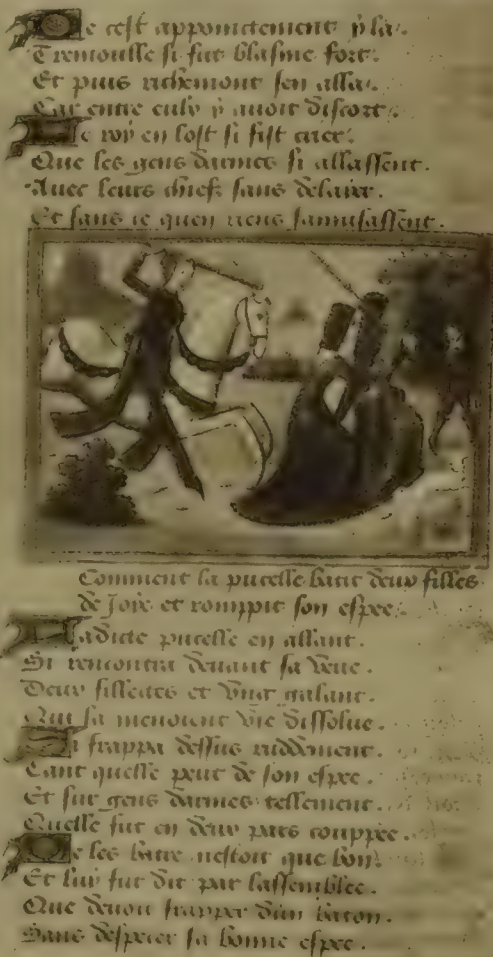
world five centuries to convince itself that this devil was, after all, a saint. And for what has she been glorified? For that very inviolable right of conviction, for that "private judgment," which in the eyes of her judges was her mortal sin and her unappealable death warrant. Surely history can show few more remarkable examples of the reversals and revenges of time.

And what was the true nature of Jeanne's "private judgment"? That is the insoluble mystery of her life and character, and that is the chief interest of Miss Sackville-West's study. Concerning the actual facts of la Pucelle's life, it is unnecessary here to offer any comment. These facts are, as we have said, very fully recorded; Miss Sackville-West has set them forth clearly and dispassionately, without flourish, and also, as it seems to us, without marked distinction of matter or form. As a piece of writing, this book will not add notably to the literature of St. Joan. In these days of pullulating biographies, our own inclination is towards the plain rather than the coloured, and on the whole we welcome the simplicity, directness, and lack of affectation in Miss Sackville-West's narrative—but we cannot refrain from observing that the plain may sometimes degenerate into the pedestrian, and we do not think that Miss Sackville-West has always escaped that danger. The style, though sturdy, lacks suppleness, and



A PAGE FROM THE TRIAL; WITH BOISGUILLAUME'S MARGINAL NOTE "RESPONSIO MORTIFERA" (FATAL ANSWER) AGAINST ONE OF JOAN'S REPLIES: A VERSION OF THE PROCEEDINGS IN LATIN. Reproductions by Courtesy of Messrs. R. Cobden-Sanderson, Publishers of "Saint Joan of Arc."

ever, is not due, as it is in so many other cases, to any lack of evidence; as Miss Sackville-West points out, the brief life of Jeanne d'Arc is "documented" with extraordinary abundance and particularity, and we know far more about her than almost any other person who lived five hundred years ago. True, much of the evidence suffers from the usual defects of evidence—prepossession, contradiction, and faulty observation; but when every deduction has been made, the bare and undisputed residuum of fact is one of the most astonishing phenomena of history. Explain St. Joan's inspiration as you will, it remains true that this ignorant, obscure, unaided peasant-girl, at the age of twelve, became convinced, through means which she believed to be supernatural, that she had a mission to save her country; that for five years she harboured, cherished, and confirmed her conviction so powerfully that nothing could prevent its fulfilment; and that within the space of a few months she accomplished everything with which, as she believed, she had been divinely charged—converted and enlisted kings, courtiers, statesmen, and soldiers, routed a formidable invader (not, as is so often supposed, as an actual commander of troops, but certainly by the insistence of her will and the force of her personal example), and crowned a King who had no stomach for his own cause and who was even doubtful of his title to the throne on which she set him. Is there any scene in all history more provocative to the imagination than the appearance of this crude, rustic girl, startlingly arrayed in male attire, in the Court of the Dauphin of France, and her almost immediate conquest of cautious, cynical and experienced men of the world, who had every reason to suspect her, even in a credulous age, as either a charlatan or a buffoon? Whatever may be thought of Joan's transcendental qualities, whatever controversies may surround her voices and prophecies and miracles, there can be no doubt of the prodigious force of her personality. It may be, as our present biographer suggests, that after its first torrential effluence, which culminated in the coronation at Reims, Joan's inner power began



JOAN BEATING THE COURTESANS—IN ACCORDANCE WITH A POPULAR TRADITION OF THE TIME: A PAGE FROM "LES VIGILES DE CHARLES VII.," BY MARTIAL D'AUVERGNE.



A PORTRAIT WHICH "PROBABLY COMES NEAREST TO A TRUE PRESENTATION OF JEANNE AS SHE REALLY WAS": THE DOMREMY STATUE.

In spite of its inaccuracies, this little statue in the museum at Domremy "does contrive to suggest," in Miss Sackville-West's words, "the commonsense, commonplace aspect of Jeanne as other more romantic portrayals fail to suggest her." The history of the statue is obscure.

occasionally becomes almost muscle-bound. But, after all, no biographer, at this time of day, can add much of wonder or animation to Joan's actual life-story; the whole interest, the perennial quest, lies in the interpretation of that aspect of her to which we can only apply the abused term "psychology."

In this regard, Miss Sackville-West does not offer, and would be the last to claim, a precise, cast-iron analysis of phenomena which are obviously too subtle for any such arbitrary explanation. No reasonable person, upon the available evidence, will deny that Joan of Arc was subject, in all her actions, to influences which, because they do not normally occur in nature (as we very imperfectly understand it), are not unfairly called "supernatural." To dismiss Joan, in her spiritual aspect, as either a charlatan or a lunatic, is simply stupid; every scrap of evidence shows, to an impartial mind, that she was profoundly sincere and eminently sane. For ourselves, we do not attach great importance to her prophecies and miracles; until comparatively recent times, literature is so full of these things, and they are so plentifully attested, and yet in many cases they are so manifestly fantastic, that, without dogmatically denying their possibility, we find it difficult to accept any of them without grave question. Wonders of that kind multiply easily *ex post facto*, and there are almost no limits to the luxuriance and the eccentricities of legend. But Joan's voices are another matter, being purely subjective. There seems to be no reasonable doubt that she was governed by messages which came, or which she believed to come, from some power outside herself. The substance of Miss Sackville-West's unanswered

* "Saint Joan of Arc." By V. Sackville-West. (Cobden-Sanderson; 10s.)

THE CONSTITUTION HILL INCIDENT: THE KING CARRIES ON; THE ARREST.



THE KING TAKING THE SALUTE AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE AFTER HE HAD RIDDEN ON: HIS MAJESTY AT THE GATEWAY AS THE TROOPS MARCHED PAST.—ON THE BALCONY, HER MAJESTY QUEEN MARY (THIRD FROM LEFT).



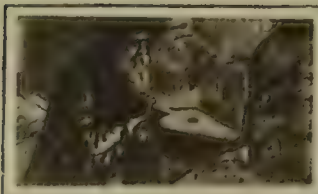
THE ARREST ON CONSTITUTION HILL: THE MAN AFTERWARDS CHARGED AT BOW STREET IN THE HANDS OF SPECIAL CONSTABLE A. G. DICK AND THREE METROPOLITAN POLICE CONSTABLES.



AFTER THE PRISONER HAD BEEN CHARGED AT BOW STREET POLICE COURT ON THE AFTERNOON OF THE INCIDENT: A POLICE CAR LEAVING THE COURT WITH THE ARRESTED MAN.

The King, unperturbed by the incident on Constitution Hill, rode on his way to Buckingham Palace as though nothing had happened and there took the salute as the regiments marched past. The Court Circular made no mention of anything out of the ordinary, and it noted merely: "On the conclusion of the Ceremony, the King rode back to Buckingham Palace at the head of the Troops, the Regiments marching past his Majesty outside the Palace." Her Majesty Queen Mary witnessed the presentation of Colours in Hyde Park, and, at the Palace,

where she was informed of the affair after the King's arrival, was the first to congratulate her son.—The man alleged to have caused the disturbance was arrested on the spot. Special Constable A. G. Dick, his attention drawn to him by a woman in grey, whose name has not transpired as we write, hit out and caused the revolver to fall into the roadway behind the King. The name of the man charged was given in the police court as George Andrew McMahon. On leaving Bow Street, he was taken to Brixton Prison and placed in hospital.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



THE DIPPER—AND THE EVIDENCE IT AFFORDS ON EVOLUTIONARY PROBLEMS.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Courtship of Animals," "Random Gleanings from Nature's Fields," etc.

IN the preparation of my new book, I am having to take a fresh survey of all sorts of evolutionary problems, some of which, as some authorities would seem to believe, are really now solved—or "as good as solved"! To-day, everything is supposed to be explainable in terms of "mutations," and strange

the coots and grebes, the phalaropes and the "fin-foots," the toes have become "lobate"; that is to say, fringed along the side by "tabs," or lobes of skin, and each of these several types has its own peculiar form of lobation, though to the casual observer they may look all alike. But why should the toes in

these types produce lobes along the side, and in other birds a continuous sheet of membrane, as in ducks and gulls? We may assume that these differences are the expression of inherent qualities in the tissues of these varied types, whereby they respond differently to precisely similar external stimuli.

I have said that birds became adept at swimming long before they gave any hint of this in modifications of the foot. And no more striking illustration of this point can be found than that furnished by our little dipper,

would be of great help (Fig. 3). I have watched them for long hours with great delight in Aberdeen and in Northumberland.

This is the only member of all the "passeres"—and they number many thousands of species—with such intensively aquatic habits. For how many hundreds of generations it has pursued this mode of life we can never know. But these habits have not yet even started to develop structural changes in response to these intensive diving and swimming habits, whereby one might say "this is a bird of an aquatic mode of life." Here, then, we have another, out of hundreds of cases, which shows that changes of habit, which commonly include changes of food, precede changes of structure. This is a most important fact to bear in mind, and one which seems to be universally overlooked. For it seems commonly to be assumed that changes of habit, or in the choice of food, take place to meet the needs of changes in structure.

I surmise that the intensified aquatic habits of the dipper are of comparatively recent origin, and that in the course of long ages hence the wings and feet, and probably other parts of the body specially stimulated by this mode of life, will gradually register this fact in structural changes of which, to-day, there is no hint. The waterhen and the water-rail can both of them swim and dive with ease, though they do not use their wings under water. And neither has webbed feet, but long and slender toes, showing that here again webbed feet are by no means essential for swimming and diving. The coot, whose mode of life is precisely similar to that of the waterhen, has developed lobes along the toes—not webbed feet.

Finally, the dipper is a much more wonderful bird than is generally realised. What induced the founders of its tribe, which must already have had a habit of seeking food by the margins of streams, to venture to wade in even a little way to capture insect larvæ lurking there? Perhaps wading a little too far, now and again, they were swept off their feet, and, managing to keep afloat quite easily, perhaps because of a natural density of plumage peculiar to their race, they would begin to make short dives to capture prey just below the surface of the water. The rest, which has made the dipper the expert diver of to-day, followed naturally.



1. A BIRD WHOSE SURPRISING AQUATIC FEATS HAVE NOT YET CAUSED STRUCTURAL CHANGES: A DIPPER ON A BOULDER IN THE MIDST OF A TORRENT.

Dippers are never found in the streams of the lowlands. They seem to find the food they need only in turbulent waters. The nest is generally built under a waterfall, of moss, with a small entrance hole: and two or three broods may be reared in a year.

Photograph by Stanley Crook.

but singularly potent entities called "genes." No one has ever seen a "gene." They are ultra-microscopic bodies, but having postulated their existence, and endowed them with the attributes we wish them to have, we must treat them as the oracles of old. But let me hasten to say that I have no desire to belittle the work which the Mendelians have done. Much of it, indeed, has produced very valuable results. But where I feel very sure they are wrong is in regarding the "genes" as a form of "germ-plasm," as distinct from the "somato-plasm," the stuff of which all bodies are made. All new characters, if they prove to be heritable, are supposed to have arisen, for no particular reason, in the "germ-plasm." If they prove, when "tried out" in the somato-plasm, of advantage to the species thus endowed, then Natural Selection will ensure their survival. Here is the flaw in the argument. Let us assume that "new characters" are produced in this "somato-plasm," either by the inherited effects of use, or the mingling of the "somato-plasm" of two different individuals by crossing, as in the case, say, of tall and dwarf peas, and we can make some headway. We may, and indeed must, still speak of a "germ-plasm," inasmuch as the sperm-cells on the one hand, and the egg-cells, or "ova," on the other, are the "germs" out of which, and by the fusion of which, new bodies are formed. But these are formed late in life, and out of the "somato-plasm," or the "substance" of which the body is made up. Thus, offspring resulting from the fusion of male and female "germ-cells" must of necessity resemble their parents, for their bodies are part of the same substance. In short, the "somato-plasm" begets, in due course, the "germ-plasm," and not *vice versa*, as the Mendelians hold. Let me try to drive this home.

We have come to assume that ducks and gulls, for example, became swimmers because they had webbed feet. But this is an inference by no means justified. Indeed, it would be difficult to explain why any swimming-bird has webbed feet: for there are many which swim perfectly well without any such aid, and there are others wherein all four toes are included in one large web, as in the gannets and cormorants and their kin. In all other swimming-birds the hind-toe is free. Birds, in short, attained to the art of swimming long before any changes associated with swimming appeared on their toes. When such changes did begin to make their appearance they did so in one of two or three different forms. In



2. A YOUNG DIPPER, OR WATER-OUSEL (*CINCLUS AQUATICUS*): A NEWLY-FLEDGED BIRD SHOWING THE LAST REMNANTS OF THE NESTLING-DOWN ON THE HEAD AND WINGS.

In coloration the young differ markedly from the adult, lacking the white throat and breast, and the tinge of chestnut on the lower part of the breast. The under-parts are of a dull greyish white, with blackish margins to the feathers.

Photograph by Stanley Crook.

or water-ousel (*Cinclus aquaticus*), which adds so much to the charm of the streams of the more hilly and mountainous parts of the British Islands. Even those who see it here for the first time may easily recognise it, for there is no other bird with which it could possibly be confounded. Of about the size of a thrush, with a very short tail and with a slaty-black body set off by a gorget of white extending backwards over the breast, and a tinge of chestnut on the forepart of the breast, it will be seen perched on the top of some great boulder (Fig. 1), or hunting in some shallow patch where the water is rippling over the stony bed of the river. Seen under such circumstances, there is nothing in its behaviour to suggest the surprising aquatic feats of which it is capable. But watch one where the water is deep and swirls round great boulders. From such vantage points one of these mysterious little birds may be seen to plunge beneath the surface, and careering along the bottom by the aid of its wings, as if in flight, to search amid the stones for caddis-worms and insect-larvæ of all kinds; or it may submerge gradually, by wading in from the shelving bank. And this habit, I suspect, partly accounts for the large size of the feet and claws, for long toes to get a good grip of the bottom



3. AN ADULT MALE DIPPER: A SPECIMEN SHOWING THE CURIOUSLY "AWL-LIKE" BEAK, AND CONSPICUOUSLY LARGE FEET, WHICH HELP TO GET A GRIP OF STONES IN A SWIFTLY-MOVING STREAM.

The Dipper is accused by some fishermen of eating trout ova: but this is an unfounded charge. These birds, on the contrary, are the enemies of many insect larvæ which do destroy trout-eggs, and many fishermen fully recognise this fact.

THESE panels in their contemporary frames inlaid with tinted ivory gourds, etc., reproduced by courtesy of Messrs. Spink and Son, Ltd., 6, King Street, St. James's, S.W.1, are of unique interest. So far as is known, only four now survive from the

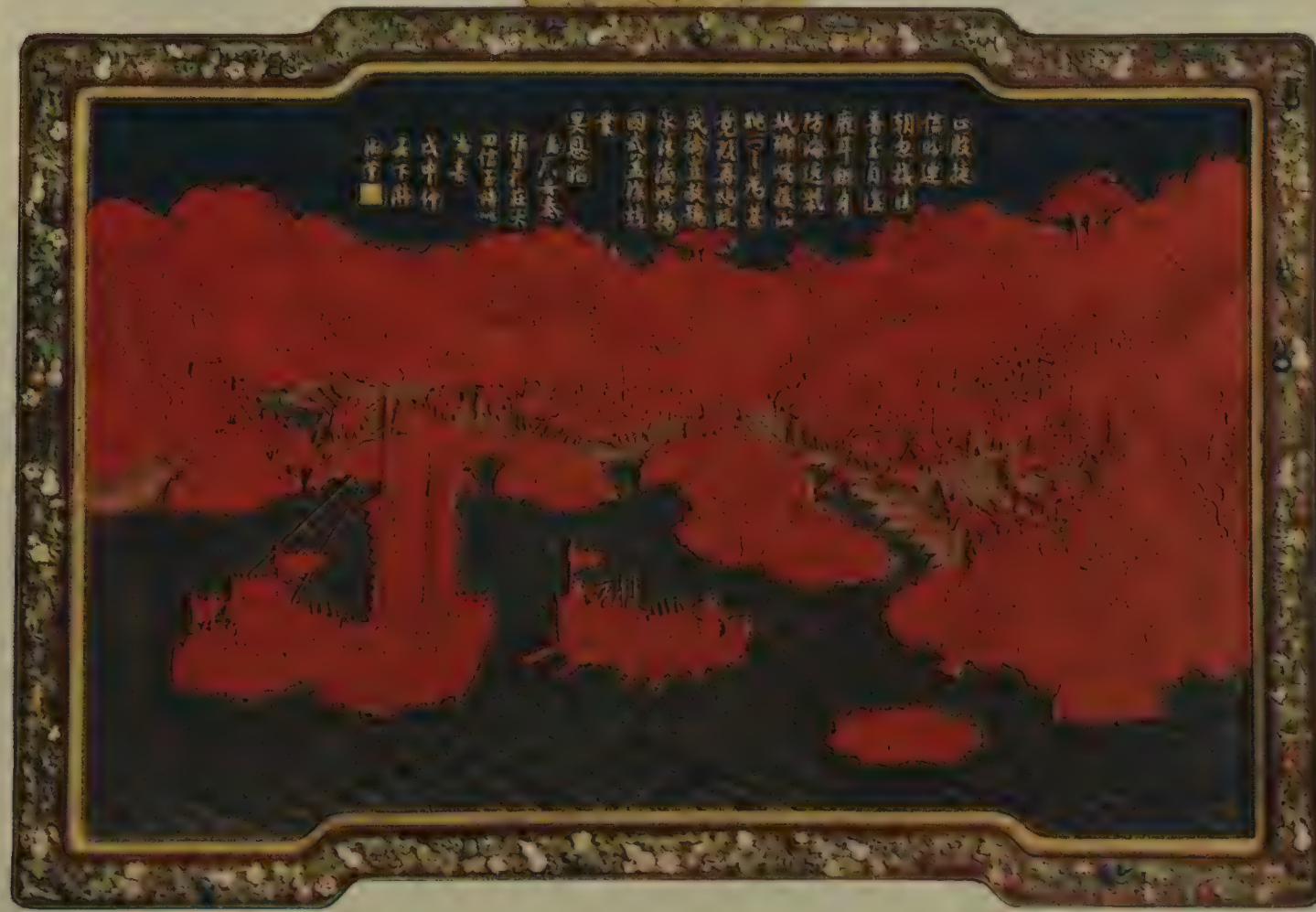
by the Emperor. That on the upper illustration, dating from about July 1788, includes also the words : "I write the poem to express my being comforted by Fu-K'ang-an's report that he landed at Amoy and that all the brave Body-guards have safely crossed



CHINESE IMPERIAL CARVED LACQUER OF A QUALITY HITHERTO UNKNOWN IN THIS COUNTRY: NO. 11 FROM AN ORIGINAL SET OF TWELVE PANELS COMMEMORATING KIEN LUNG'S FORMOSAN CAMPAIGN OF 1787-8 A.D.—THE RETURN OF THE VICTORIOUS FLEET FROM FORMOSA TO AMOY ON THE MAINLAND.

original set of twelve done to the Imperial order to commemorate Kien Lung's Formosan campaign of 1787-8. One of the other two existing panels is in the Ethnographical Museum at Berlin. The inscriptions on the panels each contain verses on the subject

the sea." The inscription in the lower illustration bears date about March in the same year. The Emperor says in his poem : "We will have everlasting peace and military prestige." Each inscription ends : "Seal of the Emperor of seventy years old."



ANOTHER PANEL FROM THE SAME SET (CARVED FROM DRAWINGS DONE IN THE MANNER OF CASTIGLIONE AND ENGRAVED BY CHINESE ARTISTS), OF WHICH ONLY FOUR NOW EXIST: THE ORIGINAL NO. 6, DEPICTING THE LANDING AND ATTACK ON THE VILLAGE OF LURGAN, DURING THE FORMOSAN CAMPAIGN.



"NILE GOATS," BY ADAM STYKA: A PICTURESQUE AND AMUSING STUDY OF ANIMAL LIFE, REVEALING ALSO THE COLOUR OF RIVERSIDE LANDSCAPE, AT OMDURMAN.



"EGYPTIAN CHILDREN," BY ADAM STYKA: YOUTH AND LAUGHTER OF TO-DAY IN A SETTING REMINISCENT OF EGYPT'S IMMEMORIAL PAST.

These charming studies of human and animal life in Egypt will suggest to the holiday-maker, perhaps, that the land of the Pharaohs has other features of interest besides those connected with history, ancient or modern. Memories of Kitchener's victory will not enhance the humorously picturesque aspect of those inquisitive-looking goats beside the Nile at Omdurman. Neither is a knowledge of archaeology required for appreciating the happy laughter of Egyptian children, at play in a scene resembling the Valley of the Tombs of the Kings.

A MILITARY REVOLT IN SPAIN: PEOPLE AND PLACES CONCERNED.



ONE OF TWO BRITISH WARSHIPS STANDING BY AT PLYMOUTH TO PROCEED TO SPAIN IF NECESSARY, TO PROTECT BRITISH SUBJECTS IN CASE OF EMERGENCY: THE CRUISER "CAIRO."



THE CRUISER "ORION," WHICH, LIKE THE "CAIRO," WAS ORDERED TO STAND BY AT PLYMOUTH IN READINESS TO PROCEED TO SPAIN IF NECESSARY: A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN AT GIBRALTAR.



MALAGA, WHERE THERE WAS FIGHTING BETWEEN GOVERNMENT FORCES AND REBELLIOUS SOLDIERY: A TOWN REPORTED ON JULY 21 TO BE IN THE HANDS OF COMMUNIST SUPPORTERS OF THE GOVERNMENT.



MELILLA, IN SPANISH MOROCCO, WHERE THE FIGHTING WAS DESCRIBED AS "PARTICULARLY BITTER": A COAST TOWN SEIZED BY THE REBELS AND AFTERWARDS REPORTED BOMBED BY GOVERNMENT AEROPLANES.



LA LINEA; SHOWING THE ROCK OF GIBRALTAR, WHERE NUMBERS OF BRITISH RESIDENTS TOOK REFUGE: A FRONTIER TOWN WHICH WAS THE SCENE OF SEVERE FIGHTING AND HEAVY CASUALTIES.



CEUTA, ON THE AFRICAN COAST OPPOSITE GIBRALTAR—TAKEN BY THE REBELS AND BOMBARDED BY LOYAL WARSHIPS: A VIEW SHOWING FOREIGN LEGION BARRACKS ON THE HILLTOP (LEFT).



SEÑOR QUIROGA, THE SPANISH PRIME MINISTER AT THE OUTBREAK OF THE REBELLION, WHO RESIGNED.



PRIME MINISTER FOR A FEW HOURS AFTER SEÑOR QUIROGA'S RESIGNATION: SEÑOR MARTINEZ BARRIO.



THE SUCCESSOR OF SEÑOR BARRIO IN THE PREMIERSHIP: SEÑOR JOSÉ GIRAL, WHO BELONGS TO THE LEFT WING.



KILLED IN AN AEROPLANE CRASH WHEN FLYING FROM PORTUGAL TO SPAIN: GENERAL SANJURJO, MARQUÉS DEL RIF.



KILLED IN THE FIGHTING IN MADRID: GENERAL GARCIA HERRAZ, WHO HELPED TO LEAD A REBELLION IN 1932.

A Right Wing revolt, described as openly Monarchist in its aims, broke out in Spain and Spanish Morocco early in the morning of July 18. It seems to have been almost completely military in origin. The strict censorship which was imposed by the Government and the extravagant claims made by the rebels from captured wireless stations made it impossible, at the time of writing, to give a full and accurate account of developments. It appeared, however, that Spanish Morocco fell entirely into rebel hands; but that in Spain itself the rebel successes were sporadic and short-lived. An attempted rising of the Madrid garrison failed. By

July 21 the Government claimed to be in control of almost all the principal towns. There was severe fighting throughout the country, notably at Madrid, Seville, Cadiz, Saragossa, Cordoba, Malaga, San Sebastian, and La Linea, the civilian population in many places taking up arms against the insurgents. General Don José Sanjurjo, Marqués del Rif, a leader of the Seville revolt of 1932, was killed when the aeroplane in which he was flying to Spain from Portugal crashed on July 20. In order to protect British subjects, two British destroyers stood by at Gibraltar and two cruisers were ready to proceed to Spain from Plymouth.

IN LIBYA—SCENE OF ITALIAN "EQUIVALENT DEMOBILISATION": KUFRA, A STRONGHOLD ON THE CONFINES OF LIBYA AND EGYPT.

It was announced in Italy on July 15, the day upon which "sanctions" officially came to an end, that Signor Mussolini had decided to recall from Libya some of the additional troops sent there last autumn, when the Anglo-Italian crisis in the Mediterranean arose. This withdrawal was described as an act of "equivalent demobilisation" made possible by the return of the British Home Fleet from the Mediterranean. The augmentation of Italy's forces in Libya was originally explained as a precaution against a possible Senussi rising. This article gives a comprehensive account of the Senussi and of their former, almost inaccessible, stronghold, the Kufra oasis.

THOUGH the existence of Kufra Oasis was known since the beginning of the last century, the place itself remained one of the mysteries of the Libyan Desert until quite recent times. Hidden away in the interior of one of the vastest and most arid deserts of the world, the inaccessibility of Kufra and the hostile attitude of her inhabitants to strangers have protected the oasis for nearly a hundred years against European explorers and their inevitable followers—the conquerors. The Kufra Oasis—or, rather, oases—may be regarded as a group of islands in the middle of an ocean of sand and rocks. The four main oases, Taizerbo, Buzeima, Kebabo, and Ribiana, lie scattered within a circle of roughly 100 miles diameter.

Kufra represents the only connection for communication across the Libyan Desert from French Equatorial Africa to the Mediterranean coast. Lying halfway on this main artery of trade between north and south, its importance is evident. The oases were originally inhabited by that mysterious race, the Tedda, or Tibu, who are said to be descendants of either the Garamantians of Herodotus, or the Vandals. Early in the last century, they were conquered by the Arab tribes of Cyrenaica. It was the Zueia and Mogharba conquerors who gave to the oases the name of Kufra, meaning "the land of the infidels." On account of the constant quarrels over the palm groves of the newly acquired oases, they offered one-third of the arable land to Sheikh Aly el Senussi, the founder of that religious confraternity, which later played such an important part all over Libya. The Grand Senussi founded a *zawia* (school) in the main village, Jof, and sent out brethren to Kufra to maintain the peace between the tribes and to convert the Tibu to Islam.

The first European to visit Kufra was the German explorer, Gerhard Rohlfs, who, in 1879, starting from the Cyrenaica, travelled south via Jalo, and reached Kufra along the only caravan route then existing. The fanatical Zueia, however, did not take kindly to this intrusion, and Rohlfs might have lost his life at their hands had not the second Grand Senussi, Sidi el Mahdi, the son of Aly, sent a letter of safe-conduct for the return of the explorer. No European was admitted into Kufra after Rohlfs, and only in 1916 a French prisoner-of-war, the *Maréchal-de-Logis* Lapiere, was taken there and later released by the Arabs. During the World War, the third Grand Senussi, Sayed Achmed, brother of El Mahdi, threw in his lot with Turkey and Germany. The Senussi action was, in fact, the continuation of the Turkish-Italian war of 1912, which had not then come to an end, the Italians having been unable to occupy the interior of the Cyrenaica.

After their unsuccessful advance on Egypt, checked by the British forces in 1916 and 1917, the Senussi army was reorganised under the leadership of the fourth Grand Senussi Sayed Idris, the son of El Mahdi, who had never

approved of his uncle's anti-British policy. Sayed Idris now concentrated on fighting the Italian invader only, until, in 1920 and 1922, he came to terms with Italy. According to the Treaty of Regima, the Grand Senussi was granted the title of Emir and the rule over the interior, mainly the oases of Jalo, Jaghbub (Jarabub), and Kufra, together with a handsome annuity to be paid to him by the Italian Government.

In 1921, the Egyptian explorer A. M. Hassanein Bey visited Kufra with the permission of Sayed Idris. He was accompanied by Mrs. Rosita Forbes, and they reached the "mystery oasis" along the northern caravan route, returning to Egypt via Jaghbub, through unexplored desert. Two years later, Hassanein Bey was allowed to visit Kufra once more, and on this trip he continued south, until he reached the Dar Fur in the Sudan. Hassanein was the first explorer to cross the Libyan Desert from the Mediterranean to the Sudan and to explore the country south of Kufra. In the same year, the French officer M. Bruneau de Laborie reached Kufra coming from the south, out of the French Wadai. Although he had no authorisation from the Senussi, he was permitted to proceed to the coast. This increase in tourist-traffic, however, did not appeal to the inhabitants of Kufra, and the oasis became once more inaccessible to strangers, until, in 1928, the Italian physician Dr. Brezzi was allowed to visit Kufra, but was taken prisoner there by the Zueia. He was released on the payment of a heavy ransom, which eventually led to a new outbreak of Italo-Senussi fighting. There were no more visitors to Kufra until the Italian Expeditionary



A RELIC OF THE SEMI-RELIGIOUS RÉGIME OF THE SENUSSI AT KUFRA: THE ZAWIA (SCHOOL MOSQUE) IN TAJ, WHERE THE SENUSSI MAHDI IS BURIED.

in two columns. A smaller force advanced from the west, via Uah el Kebir, Uah el Namus, and Bir Maruf, towards Taizerbo, while the main body, starting from Agedabia, marched south via Jalo and Zighen. The whole force consisted of 650 Italian troops and officers, 3300 native troops and camelmenn, with some 5000 camels, about 500 motor-cars, and 20 aeroplanes. The two columns were in constant touch by wireless and through air-reconnaissance, and they were timed to reach Kufra in the same hour.

On the morning of January 19, the advance-guards reached the northern oasis, Hauari, where they met with the resistance of some 600 Arabs armed with rifles. A short action ensued, in which the Italians lost 2 officers and 2 men killed and 16 wounded, while the Arab losses were about 200 killed and as many wounded. The Italians did not enter Kufra till the next morning, and during the night many of the inhabitants fled towards Egypt and the Sudan. The caravans of the fugitives were observed and harassed by the aeroplanes during the following two days. They suffered heavy casualties from machine-gun fire and bombs, and there were many women and children

among the killed: those who got away had to face a terrible journey through waterless desert which was completely unknown to them.

On February 22, five utterly exhausted men were picked up on the outskirts of Dakhla oasis in Egypt. They said that hundreds of their kindfolk were lying dead or dying in the desert. The Egyptian Police Officer Abd el Rahman Zoheir Effendi, who was stationed in Dakhla, immediately set out with three Ford cars and all his available camel police to rescue the stragglers. This gallant officer brought 302 fugitives into Dakhla after penetrating several hundred miles into the unknown desert. He found 63 dead *en route*, and another 43 died in Dakhla in consequence of the terrible privations of their desperate march. At the same time, Mr. P. A. Clayton, Inspector of Egyptian Desert Surveys, who happened to be working in the southern desert, found and rescued 32 more Arabs. The flight of the Kufra fugitives was one of the greatest tragedies of the Libyan Desert. (This wonderful piece of rescue work was described and illustrated in our issue of July 25, 1931.)

With the occupation of Kufra, Italy's war in Tripolitania had come to an end. It had lasted from 1912, when the town of Tripoli was bombarded by Italian battleships, till 1932, when the 200-mile barbed-wire fence along the northern part of the Italo-Egyptian frontier was completed. The Turkish and the Senussi forces never disposed of more than 6000 rifles during these twenty years of guerrilla warfare, in which the inaccessible stronghold of the Senussi, Kufra, had played such an important part.



SAYED IDRIS EL SENUSSI: THE LAST "GRAND SENUSSI," WHO WAGED WAR AGAINST ITALY IN CYRENAICA; MADE PEACE IN 1922; AND, SINCE THE ITALIAN TRIUMPH AT KUFRA, HAS LIVED IN EXILE.

The last Grand Senussi was granted the title of Emir by the Italians in the Treaty of Regima (1922), and was given the rule over the interior, as well as an annuity. With the coming of the Fascist régime, however, war broke out again, and an Italian expeditionary force entered Kufra in 1931. Sayed Idris now lives in exile. He is the grandson of Mohammed Ibn Aly el Senussi, the founder of the once mighty religious confraternity. He is now forty-six. In the above photograph he has an Italian rifle, richly decorated with gold and silver, slung across his saddle-bow.

Forces entered the oasis in 1931, coming down from the north, and along the hitherto unexplored route from the west. The desert east from Kufra was first crossed by the Hungarian explorer L. E. de Almásy, early in 1932, who reached the oasis coming from the Egyptian oasis of Kharga.

The occupation of Kufra in January 1931 was Italy's last military action in Africa before the outbreak of war in Abyssinia. The inaccessible oasis had become the refuge of those who would not submit to Italian rule in Tripolitania and Cyrenaica. The Italians reached Kufra

IN A COLONY WHENCE ITALY IS WITHDRAWING TROOPS: THE KUFRA OASIS.



A SENUSSI HOLY PLACE AT KUFRA, NOW DOMINATED BY ITALY: THE TOMB OF EL MAHDI EL SENUSSI; WITH TOMBSTONES OF SENUSSI NOBLEMEN, AND WITH VOIVE INSCRIPTIONS ON THE WALLS.



THE NEW *IMPERIUM ROMANUM* IN THE DESERT: "MEHARISTS" OF THE ITALIAN CAMEL CORPS AT TAJ (IN KUFRA); WITH THE ITALIAN FLAG FLYING OVER THE FORMER SENUSSI PALACE.



A TIBU GIRL OF KUFRA: A MEMBER OF THE ORIGINAL INHABITANTS OF THE OASES, SUBDUED BY THE ARABS—AND POSSIBLY THE GARAMANTIAN OF HERODOTUS.



KUFRA, STRONGHOLD OF THE SENUSSI WHO FOUGHT ITALY INTERMITTENTLY FROM 1912 TO 1931: A REMOTE "ISLAND" IN THE LIBYAN DESERT SEEN FROM EL TAJ, WHICH WAS FORMERLY THE CASTLE OF THE SENUSSI AND IS NOW AN ITALIAN FORT; SHOWING THE ROAD LEADING TO JOF, CAPITAL OF THE KUFRA OASES.



A LAKE IN THE HEART OF THE DESERT, SOME SIX HUNDRED MILES FROM THE RIVER NILE: THE BITTER WATERS OF THE POOL AT KUFRA.



DESERT RECRUITS TO "FASCISMO": ARAB BOYS OF KUFRA ORGANISED AS "BALILLA"—THE FASCIST JUVENILE CORPS, WEARING "CUMMERBUNDS" AND CAPS.



HOW ITALY FULFILLS HER CIVILISING MISSION IN KUFRA, WHERE MUCH HAS BEEN DONE TO IMPROVE AGRICULTURE AND CONDITIONS: THE NEW HOSPITAL AT JOF.

The British Admiralty's decision to withdraw the Home Fleet from the Mediterranean was followed by an Italian announcement that the reinforcements in Libya would likewise be withdrawn. This was described in Rome as an act of "equivalent demobilisation." The first contingents returning from Libya reached Genoa on July 20. It will be recalled that last autumn the Italians strongly reinforced their north African garrisons and assembled a force of over 30,000 men, mostly mechanised, near the Egyptian frontier. The explanation given by the Italians for this concen-

tration was that a possible rising of the Senussi Arabs necessitated the presence of a large number of troops to repel any Arab invasion from the Egyptian side. Major C. S. Jarvis, who recently retired from the Governorship of Sinai, pointed out in an article in the "Observer" that this was a most unlikely threat, "for the Italians themselves, by the occupation of the oases of Jarabub and Kufra, have most effectively knocked the martial ardour out of the Senussi brotherhood." The article on the opposite page describes how this was done.



THE FIRST OPEN-AIR "COURT" IN OUR SOCIAL HISTORY: DEBUTANTES AND MARRIED LADIES PRESENTED AT A GARDEN RECEPTION IN THE GROUNDS OF BUCKINGHAM PALACE, INSTEAD OF CURTSEYING TO THE KING AT AN EVENING COURT.—PASSING HIS MAJESTY AS HE SAT UNDER THE SHAMIANA DURING THE CEREMONY, WHICH WAS ABANDONED LATER OWING TO RAIN.

As we noted last week, when giving a double-page photograph of the great lawn at the back of Buckingham Palace—the scene of so many Royal Garden Parties—the King decided a while ago that, the Court being in mourning, two Afternoon Receptions should this year take the place of the customary evening Courts. These Receptions, the Lord Chamberlain announced later,

were to be regarded, not as Garden Parties, but as occasions for the presentation of ladies who would have been presented at the Courts. It was further noted that ladies making presentations would not curtsy to the King; thus, those curtsying were debutantes, brides "on their marriage," and ladies "on change of Style." Two Receptions were arranged—the first to be on

Tuesday, July 21; the second, on the following day—and it was stated that if it rained they would be held in the Palace, while if rain interrupted the proceedings those who had not been presented would hand their cards to a representative of the Lord Chamberlain's office, this being regarded as equivalent to presentation. On July 21 the Court went into half-mourning; and

so it was that the Royal Duchesses and other Royal ladies attending were not in black. The ladies commanded wore coloured dresses. His Majesty stood and sat to receive. The Reception on July 21 was abandoned when half-way through, owing to rain, and in accordance with the arrangement already mentioned, those who had not been presented handed in their cards.

NEWS FROM HOME AND ABROAD: EVENTS AND OCCASIONS OF INTEREST.



BRITISH WARSHIPS AT HAIFA: THE HARBOUR OF A TOWN WHERE THERE HAS BEEN A NUMBER OF ARAB OUTRAGES DURING THE THREE MONTHS OF DISORDER.

The monotonous tale of minor incidents in Palestine continues, but during the last two weeks there has been a diminution in the number of serious outrages and no repetition of large-scale clashes between Arab bandits and troops or police. On July 16 a military patrol was fired on near Mizpah, a Jewish settlement in the neighbourhood of Tiberias, and a British private was slightly wounded. Further reinforcements brought from Egypt and Malta have been added to



AN ARMOURD WAGON ATTACHED TO A TRAIN IN PALESTINE TO COUNTER ANY ATTACK BY ARAB BANDITS: A NECESSARY PRECAUTION.

the military garrison. On July 20 the Arab strike entered on its fourth month, and there was little sign of its ending. It was thought that lack of funds might bring it to a conclusion, but that anti-Jewish feeling was as bitter as ever and had, indeed, been increased by the long struggle with the forces of authority. Whether or not as a result of the disorders, there has been a marked falling-off in the number of Jewish immigrants during the last half-year.



DAMAGE DELIBERATELY DONE TO AEROPLANES IN THEIR HANGAR: THE FABRIC OF ONE OF THE MACHINES SLASHED IN SEVERAL PLACES.

Several of the aeroplanes in the hangar of the Witney Aero Club, near Oxford, were put out of action for some time by an intruder who, early in the morning of July 18, slashed the fabric of each machine. Five of the aeroplanes in the hangar were undamaged. An official of the club found the door of the hangar open and the padlock missing when he went to the aerodrome in the morning.



A NEW R.A.F. RESCUE BOAT: ITS TRIALS IN SOUTHAMPTON WATER—GOING AT 35 KNOTS IN A ROUGH SEA AND A THIRTY-MILE-AN-HOUR WIND.

The new R.A.F. rescue boat, designed by Mr. Hubert Scott-Paine, underwent trials in Southampton Water on July 18. The boat is 64 ft. long, with a draught over the propellers of only 3 ft. It has a top speed of 35 knots, produced by three Napier Sea-Lion (500-h.p.) engines. It has quarters for a crew of eight and accommodation for four stretcher cases and eight minor casualties. It behaved remarkably well in the strong wind and short steep sea of July 18.



THE KING'S NEW CYPHER ON THE BANNER OF HIS SWAN-MASTER'S SKIFF: PREPARATIONS FOR THE ANNUAL "SWAN-UPPING" EXPEDITION ON THE THAMES.

On July 20 began the annual "Swan Voyage" of the swan "uppers" (or markers) on the Thames from Southwark Bridge to Henley, conducted every year for centuries by the Swan Masters to the King, the Vintners' Company, and the Dyers' Company, who among them maintain all Thames swans. They cut the flight feathers of young birds and mark their bills. The Royal Swan Master's boat carried a big new white banner with the King's monogram, "E VIII. R.", in red, surmounted by a gold crown.



"KING'S REACH": LADY RITCHIE UNVEILING THE KING GEORGE V. COMMEMORATIVE PANEL ON THE THAMES EMBANKMENT.

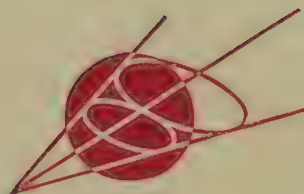
A granite panel with bronze supporting figures, erected by the Port of London Authority on the Thames Embankment opposite Temple Gardens to commemorate his late Majesty's Silver Jubilee, was unveiled on July 15 by Lady Ritchie of Dundee. Until last year the reach of the Thames between London Bridge and Westminster Bridge lacked a distinguishing name, but then royal permission was given for the omission to be made good.



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By MICHAEL ORME.

"THE PETRIFIED FOREST."

AN unusual story and an all-round excellence of interpretation might be the preliminary verdict on the new Warner production presented at the Tivoli, "The Petrified Forest," a picture which reunites Mr. Leslie Howard and Miss Bette Davis—the latter, for once, in a wholly sympathetic part. In retrospect, however, one is impelled to add a rider, or even several riders, to that verdict. To begin with, the play, though unusual in its layout, undoubtedly leads up to a situation which, in one form or another, has seen some service on the screen. It is no uncommon thing, especially in the so-called "omnibus-story," to gather all the protagonists of the drama in a group, to confront them with a general danger and thereby to expose their fundamental characteristics. But in "The Petrified Forest" no hero emerges to cut through a perilous *impasse* with a deed of valour, for, although Mr. Howard lays down his life, he does so as much to satisfy a personal impulse as to benefit his companions. Furthermore, the piece, conversational even when a notorious killer and his gang invade it, draws an extraordinary amount of interest, even of justification, from its *milieu*—the barren Arizona desert.

The Black Mesa, as it is referred to, encompasses the lonely petrol-station where most of the action passes, with its desolation of bare rock and stricken trees, the fossilised remains of a once verdant forest. Here, indeed, there is no purpose in polite convention, and Nature's austerities might well drive a man to take stock of his own resources. We get but an occasional glimpse of the uncompromising landscape beyond the confines of the petrol-station, yet that glimpse is all-sufficient to create an atmosphere wherein introspection needs no excuse and frustration naturally seeks a desperate solution. In this forsaken spot a little French-American girl finds solace for her artistic aspirations in her books and her paintings, whilst her father dons his old uniform to evoke the glories of the past and Granddad warms his ancient soul with gossip about gangsters he has met. To a girl who reads François Villon's poems and dreams of the cathedrals of France, a stranger so obviously alien to her surroundings as is Mr. Leslie Howard appears like destiny knocking at the door. The stranger is a writer. That is to say, he confesses to one novel, a youthfully "stark" affair. The

semblance of unconcern, but the director, Mr. Archie L. Mayo, keeps the interest taut with an undercurrent of suspense and an admirable suggestion of that curious unreality which tragedy or jeopardy in life so often assume. Under such circumstances a noble gesture, such as Mr. Howard is called upon to make, seems credible. By his death he hands on the torch of his unfulfilled ambitions to

Army. The leader of the local revolutionaries, Michael O'Dea, eludes capture. County Inspector Hannay and his Intelligence officer, Captain Wiltshire, the one engaged to an Irish girl, the other in love with her, concentrate their efforts on the tracking down of the elusive leader. When at last he is discovered and shot down in his attempt to escape, he is revealed as the brother of Hannay's fiancée.

The County Inspector's altruism in accepting the responsibility for the fatal shot, actually fired by Wiltshire, and in setting his fiancée free to marry the man she has come to love, belongs to the realm of romance, but develops naturally enough from the context of the story to do no harm to its texture.

The directors, Mr. Brian Desmond-Hurst and Mr. Walter Summers, have succeeded in incorporating the love interest in the main theme, but have encountered a pitfall in providing their "comic relief." It is by no means the fault of Mr. Jerry Verno that his long-suffering and lugubrious Private Parsley, doomed to drive an obsolete lorry, should appear to



LESLIE HOWARD AND BETTE DAVIS IN "THE PETRIFIED FOREST": A NEW FILM AT THE TIVOLI. The new Warner Bros. film, "The Petrified Forest," adapted to the screen from Robert E. Sherwood's stage play, began its run at the Tivoli on July 20. The film is reviewed on this page.

the girl he loves, happy in the thought that in her they will be realised. A spectacular gesture, if you will, but one that at least contains the courage of consistency, and is carried out without the anti-climax of a happy ending.

Mr. Howard and Miss Davis are lifted into prominence by the theme of this arresting piece, but the supporting company is strong in its ensemble work, and in its individual character-studies. Mr. Dick Foran, erstwhile college boy and footballer, Mr. Charley Grapewin, in his cameo of senility, and Mr. Humphrey Bogart, as the taciturn gangster-leader, contribute memorable portrayals. Mr. Bogart, indeed, adds a notable figure to the gangster's gallery, a black-browed, caustic creature, with queer, shuffling movements and the eyes of an animal in torment. Not the least impressive aspect of the picture is the understanding that is born between the thwarted gangster and the disillusioned writer whom he respects and kills.

be uncomfortably perched on the main plot. His comedy scenes are so deliberately interpolated that they are an interruption rather than an asset to the bitter business of the Trouble. Apart from this flaw the picture is impressive in its sincerity and its taut treatment. It has a sombre strength and a grim determination about it, adding no glamorous or sentimental comment to its tale of duties sternly performed and the heartbreak of the Revolution. Its grip and its excitement arise from the circumstances and the nature of the struggle and need no emphasis. The theme permits a variety of effective character-studies in collateral parts, all of them convincingly played, though the action is dominated by Mr. John Lodge, as County Inspector Hannay. This is a remarkably strong portrayal, forceful and unyielding on the surface, but with depths of human understanding to give it substance. Mr. John Loder's Wiltshire, the young English officer on duty in Ireland, is cast in more romantic mould as befits a character to which his personality is well suited. No better choice for the Irish heroine than that of Miss Antoinette Cellier could have been made, for her emotional integrity and directness serve her well in a part that calls for frankness without frills. Her scenes with her devoted Nanny, perfectly played by Miss Maire O'Neill, fall smoothly into place within the frame of a virile picture.



A STORY OF THE SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR ON THE SCREEN: WALLACE BEERY (CENTRE) AS SERGEANT DORY IN "A MESSAGE TO GARCIA."

"A Message to Garcia" is a story founded on fact. The film was suggested by Elbert Hubbard's essay on Lieutenant Rowan's exploit in Cuba during the Spanish-American War of 1898. The cast includes Wallace Beery, Barbara Stanwyck, and John Boles as Lieutenant Rowan. The film is a Darryl F. Zanuck Twentieth-Century-Fox production. It opened at the Regal Cinema on July 17.

rest has been idleness, a wealthy wife, a parasite's existence and defeat.

A wounded philosopher, tramping the road in search of a reason for living, Mr. Howard has a great deal to say about life and evinces some enjoyment in the contemplation of his scars. But his dissertations are intelligently written and he handles them brilliantly, without self-pity; rather, with a humorous recognition of his own contributions to failure. The actor, flexible and sensitive, invests the character with a spontaneity and a charming gaiety that robs it of its egotism. The youthful candour of Miss Bette Davis and her ardent response to this emissary from the great world into which she is so eager to plunge, mould this prelude to adventure into a delightful idyll of dawning love. They part, he to pursue his way, with the help of a lift in a passing Rolls-Royce, she to drop a tear or two on the pages of her pet poet and to contemplate possible comfort in the stalwart arms of her father's assistant. But gangsters have their uses, and an escaping bunch of criminals rounds up the whole of the *dramatis personæ* within the petrol-station, bringing the lovers together once again. Covered by the gangsters' guns and dominated by their leader, the strange nocturnal party has an outward

moving at a good pace, lends a firm foundation to a drama of the Irish revolution in 1921, "Ourselves Alone." This picture, from the Elstree studios, may and should be seen at the London Pavilion. It is an adaptation of a play by Major, Dudley Sturrock and Mr. Noel Scott, and, leavened though it is with discreet romance, it bears the stamp of authenticity in every detail of the tragic upheaval that set Southern Ireland aflame during the days of "the Trouble." The dramatic conflict gets under way at once with the rescue of a handful of rebels from the custody of the Royal Irish Constabulary—a swift "hit and run" struggle on the open road that immediately establishes a note of lurking danger and the stealthy operations of the Irish Republican

"OURSELVES ALONE."

A well-knit story, clearly stated and



"FATAL LADY," AT THE PLAZA CINEMA: MARY ELLIS (CENTRE) AS MARION STUART, AN OPERA SINGER.

"Fatal Lady," a new Paramount film in which Mary Ellis has the opportunity to display the beauty of her voice, opened at the Plaza on July 17.

THE GREAT DROUGHT IN THE UNITED STATES: £100,000,000 DAMAGE TO CROPS.



NEAR BISMARCK, IN NORTH DAKOTA, WHERE THE U.S. UNDER-SECRETARY OF AGRICULTURE RECENTLY ANNOUNCED THE GOVERNMENT RELIEF PLANS: AN OAT-FIELD RUINED BY THE DROUGHT.



WHERE, AS OVER VAST REGIONS, WITHERING HEAT DESTROYED EVERY GREEN THING, AND PASTURE LAND TURNED INTO SAHARA-LIKE DESERT: A TYPICAL FARM-HOUSE NEAR LIBERAL, KANSAS.



THE FATE OF MANY FARMERS, WHO HAVE HAD TO SELL THEIR BELONGINGS AND BECOME HOMELESS WANDERERS: A SALE-ROOM IN AN AGRICULTURAL DISTRICT OF NEBRASKA.



REFUGEES FROM OKLAHOMA DRIVEN FROM THEIR HOMES BY THE DROUGHT: SOME OF A FOODLESS PARTY OF THIRTY-NINE CAMPING BY THE ROADSIDE AT BAKERSFIELD, CALIFORNIA.



WHERE NEW-YORKERS SOUGHT REFUGE FROM THE CITY'S WORST HEAT-WAVE: VISITORS PREPARING TO SLEEP ON THE BEACH AT CONEY ISLAND ON THE HOTTEST NIGHT OF ALL, JULY 9.



HEAT-WAVE SCENES IN WASHINGTON: THE POOL AND TERRACE FOUNTAIN NEAR THE CAPITOL (CENTRE BACKGROUND) AFFORD RELIEF OBTAINED BY BATHING OR RESTING BESIDE THEM.

The disastrous and long-continued drought in the United States attained the proportions of a national calamity. What was described as "the greatest heat-wave in the meteorological history of New York" was broken there, and in the Eastern States generally, by thunderstorms on the night of July 14, but in the West, and particularly in the two Dakotas, there was a return to extremely high temperatures. Writing from Washington on July 17, a "Times" correspondent said: "The promised break in the drought has not come, and many States are again facing the prospect of days of scorching sun. The present drought and

heat-wave have killed 3715 persons in fourteen days, and destroyed crops in the North-West alone to the estimated value of 500,000,000 dollars (£100,000,000)." On July 19 a "Times" message from New York stated: "The heat-wave was broken yesterday in Minnesota, Michigan, and Wisconsin after 1800 persons had died there during the fifteen days which it lasted. The 'worst is over' also in North Dakota . . . but South Dakota, Nebraska, Kansas, and Oklahoma are still without relief from heat or drought, and many other agricultural States have had only partial relief." The United States Government took prompt

(Continued opposite.)

AS IT WAS DURING NEW YORK'S RECORD HEAT-WAVE : TYPICAL CONDITIONS.

FROM THE DRAWING BY THEO MATEJKO.



WHERE SHADE TEMPERATURES OF 115 DEGREES WERE RECENTLY REGISTERED, UNOFFICIALLY, IN THE STREETS AMONG SKY-SCRAPERS : NEW YORKERS SLEEPING ON ROOFS AND BALCONIES DURING A FORMER HEAT-WAVE—AN EARLY-MORNING SCENE.

(Continued.)

measures to deal with the situation. At Bismarck, North Dakota, the Under-Secretary for Agriculture, Mr. Rexford Tugwell, outlined a comprehensive plan for aiding farmers and destitute families, caring for livestock, and changing agricultural methods so as to minimise the effects of drought in future. In a message from New York of July 10, it was stated that the shade temperature that day was 100 degrees and on the previous day 102·3 degrees. Never before had three-figure temperatures been registered there on successive days. These official records had been made on the Weather Bureau's roof, far above the

ground and open to sea-breezes. Down below, in the canyon-like streets among the sky-scrappers, shade temperatures of 115 degrees or more had been unofficially noted. On July 10 it was calculated that about 400,000 people had sought the beach at Coney Island, and thousands were preparing to sleep on the sands there and at various places on Long Island. In the crowded workers' districts, extraordinary scenes occurred. Fire hydrants were turned on, without interference by police, and people bathed in the water. Residents in sky-scraper homes and tenement houses passed sultry nights on roofs and balconies.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

WHEN I read in the papers the other day about the historical pageant at Newark, I thought of another festivity that took place in that ancient borough close on fifty years ago. It was a celebration of Queen Victoria's Jubilee (the Golden, not the Diamond, one), and I was one of the Grammar School boys who were let out to enjoy all the fun of the fair at an hour when we were usually ensconced in our dormitories. I remembered, too, various other incidents of my life there—bathing in the Trent; popping into the Coffee Palace on the way to the playing-field; robbing myself in a surplice for Sunday service at the great church, where the school provided the choir, and I was among the trebles; and an excursion to Lincoln, where we ascended the Cathedral tower. However, this is not the place to embark upon an autobiography.

I have been led to recall those antediluvian days because, while looking through some books of travel appropriate to

Magnus in 1532, and finally Newark's "crowning glory, the magnificent parish church of St. Mary."

To the names of Newark's illustrious sons, Mr. Goldring might have added that of William Nicholson, the painter, with whom I had the honour to be a fellow member of the school art-class. "Newark," the author goes on to say, "should be pre-eminently a breeding-ground for scholars, for ripe men, men of reflection, capable of the higher flights of intellectual speculation. The Magnus Grammar School has produced, in modern times, at least one such Newark worthy. Odd that, if the guide book does not lie, one of the town's chief trades is the manufacture of plaster of Paris. But malting is another. And, as we all know, 'malt does more than Milton can to reconcile God's ways to man.'" One of my greatest friends at the school was the son of a maltster and brewer, a kinsman and namesake of the late Dean Hole, of rose-growing fame, who is possibly the "Newark worthy" to whom Mr. Goldring above refers.

Happy-go-lucky wandering, this time among books and many other matters as well as places, is likewise the leading motive of "MY VAGABONDAGE." A Pot-Pourri and Causerie. By Horace Annesley Vachell (Cassell; 8s. 6d.). In an additional sub-title to this beguiling work, Mr. Vachell further describes it as "Another pilgrimage down the corridors of the past, with a flight now and again into the future, taking the luck of the road as it comes; in brief, a wayfarer's chronicle." It is always interesting to hear or read a well-known novelist and playwright giving his ideas and reminiscences in *propria persona*. Although I cannot claim acquaintance with the whole of the author's long list of previous works, I remember, of course, "Quinney's" "The Hill" (his well-known story of school life at Harrow), and "The Face of Clay," a novel which I recollect reviewing long ago in some other paper. Drawing on the rich store of his experience, and with many delightful digressions, Mr. Vachell carries the reader along and entertains him by the way with an inexhaustible fund of description and anecdote, reminiscence and allusion. It is a pity that his essentially picturesque book is not illustrated.

Like the author of "Pot Luck in England," Mr. Vachell, who is a member of the Wine and Food Society, is interested in the proper treatment of the inner man, and by much travel has become a connoisseur in the art of cookery. In this connection he recalls: "That beloved vagabond, the late W. J. Locke, who loved the untrodden ways of France even as I did, made out with me some gastronomical itineraries, inexpensive little tours. Twenty years have drifted by. Such pilgrimages are possible to-day in the Midi, Touraine, and Provence, but a Frenchman told me a few weeks ago that Americans and English travellers had unwittingly lowered the standard of *la bonne cuisine bourgeoise*. The French *patron* of small provincial hotels studies economy. He, too, gives the 'Angliche' what satisfies him, and shrugs his shoulders!"

In France, however, there is one talisman, it seems, which enables the traveller to secure the best of everything wherever he goes. It is mentioned in an entertaining work describing a 3500-mile motor tour through France and Spain, besides a visit to Majorca, under the title "TRIP-TYQUE." By Charles Graves. With thirty illustrations (Ivor Nicholson; 10s. 6d.). The "open-sesame" above mentioned, which Mr. Graves says "has altered my whole outlook towards France," takes the form of a book representing membership of an organisation called the Club des Sans-Club. "I had heard," he writes, "that when you placed this book on the table in any French restaurant or hotel, at once the waiters wafted themselves towards you; that you were treated as an old friend who had been away for years; and that you would discover at once the speciality of the house both in dishes and in wines."

At Rouen, Mr. Graves succeeded in buying a copy of the magic volume. "Swiftly," he says, "I wrote my name on the front page, as prescribed, and there was another member of the Club. Its jacket is yellow, green, and black. It costs twenty francs and is genuinely worth its weight in French gold. It was founded eleven years ago with Escoffier as president. . . . The exact number of members is not revealed, but last year 15,000 reports on individual restaurants, hotels, inns, and taverns were received by the Head Office in Paris. What is more, a restaurant listed in the Club reports can expect anything from a thousand extra visits from members of the Club, according to its locality. On the other hand, two letters of protest from members of the Club, when confirmed, automatically sees the blackballing of the said restaurant by the Club. . . . The qualifications for inclusion in the list are fourfold. The restaurant needs to give you first-class food, first-class wine, first-class service, and moderate prices." Something of the same sort might appropriately be instituted in this country.

Adventures of two very modern young women holiday-making together through Greece, the Balkans, and European Turkey, are vivaciously described and charmingly pictured in "THE UNAMBITIOUS JOURNEY." By the Hon. Theodora Benson. With twenty-four illustrations and Map (Chapman and Hall; 15s.). They finished up in Czecho-Slovakia, and in an account of their stay at Prague the author says: "On one of our drives we passed the prison where the Sarajevo assassins were shut up because they were too young to be shot. But they died." The financial side of the expedition, and the spirit of gaiety, undimmed by sociological research, in which it was conducted, appears in the concluding paragraph: "We had been away for nine weeks and two days, and spent about £125 each all told. We had enjoyed ourselves immensely. And there is this to be said for us. We had spent most of that time pottering about in the Balkans, yet neither of us lays the smallest claim to any knowledge whatever of the Peasant Soul."

Seeing that summer holidays for most people take them away from towns, it seems appropriate to mention here "THE OPEN AIR." An Anthology of English Country Life. By Adrian Bell (Faber; 7s. 6d.). This little book might be called an anthology "with a difference"; and its distinctive character is thus expressed by the compiler: "I have endeavoured not to string together a mass of quotations under a loose title, nor even to sort them out bodily under sub-headings; but to make a book that should be read as other books are read, beginning at the beginning and going on to the end." For the mass-reviewer this is a counsel of perfection, but I have gone far enough to form the opinion that one cannot really achieve cohesion and continuity in a succession of extracts (mostly in prose, but some of them in verse) culled from a large number of works differing in date, authorship, and place of origin.

In the effort to attain such a continuity, Mr. Bell does not append to each extract the source from which it comes, but gives that information in a numbered list at the end of the book. This plan may lend interest to a game of author-guessing, but otherwise is rather bothersome. In themselves the passages chosen are wholly admirable, but, as Mr. Bell takes nearly ten pages to explain his principle of selection, it is a little difficult to convey it in a few words. Briefly, I think it may be said that he has sought to preserve and



THE TREASURE OF THE WEEK AT THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM: A SPANISH EARTHENWARE PANEL OF ABOUT 1740.

This panel is an example of the painted pottery made at Alcora, in Spain, at a factory founded in 1726-27 by Don Buenaventura de Alcantara, Count of Aranda. The special merits of pottery painting are here conspicuous. The ceramic pigments used, though restricted in range of tone, have a saturated luminous quality scarcely attainable in any other medium.

the holiday season, in one that I found particularly interesting certain passages have set me, like the bold Sir Bedivere, "revolving many memories." They occur in a work describing a kind of holiday which I have rather favoured of late years—an impromptu rural bus-tour from place to place, conducted haphazard on no pre-arranged plan. The book is called "POT LUCK IN ENGLAND." By Douglas Goldring. With sixteen illustrations (Chapman and Hall; 7s. 6d.). Mr. Goldring, of course, is well known both as travel-writer and novelist, and a cheap edition of his autobiography, "Odd Man Out," is due next month. He has been all over the Continent, and has a wide experience of foreign hotels and inns. In the present volume his initial purpose was to divert some of the millions spent abroad by the English travelling public into the coffers of our homeland hostels. Unfortunately, where he "came to bless" he often found himself constrained to "curse." "The only way," he says, "in which I can hope to be of service to the English hotel-keeper is by pointing out what seem to me—after my experience of his Continental rivals—some of his shortcomings." He does point them out, with salutary candour, at the same time vigorously denouncing the hampering restrictions imposed on hotel-keepers by our licensing laws, which "cast a blight over the whole catering industry," and by the activities of "temperance fanatics."

Starting from London, Mr. Goldring travelled in a wide circle through East Anglia, then westward across England, and back by way of the Wye Valley, Gloucester, Barnstaple, and Bath. In his chapter headed "Boston—Newark—Derby," he mentions among Boston's worthies the founder of *The Illustrated London News*, but gives his name incorrectly, as "John" Ingram. It should, of course, be Herbert Ingram. Proceeding thence *via* Sleaford, he writes: "Newark looked grand in the blue distance, clustering round its vast church, the spire of which looked nearly as high as Boston 'Stump' (actually it is 252 feet to Boston's 288)." After recalling episodes in Newark's history, such as King John's death at the Castle and its destruction by the Cromwellians; and the town's association with Byron and Gladstone (elected as its Conservative M.P. in 1832), Mr. Goldring describes, among other notable buildings, the Magnus Grammar School, founded by Thomas



CHAINS OF OFFICE FOR THE MEMBERS OF THE INTERNATIONAL OLYMPIC COMMITTEE: PLAQUES WITH ATHLETIC REPRESENTATIONS LINKED TOGETHER BY RINGS.

The task of inventing suitable chains of office for the International Olympic Committee was entrusted to the sculptor, Herr Walter E. Lemcke. He designed these six plaques from originals in the Old Museum in Berlin. The two lower plaques are linked by the five Olympic Rings in coloured enamel, and from them is suspended a larger plaque with the famous head of Zeus. The chains are of cast bronze.

represent our old country life, with its home-bred arts and culture, in contrast to the machine-made amenities of the new age, whose power of rapid transit has destroyed the spirit and structure of local communities. C. E. B.

(With acknowledgments to Macmillan & Co., Ltd.)

Give and Take



(mis-taken, without mis-givings, from the pages of "Alice through the Looking Glass.")

While Alice and the White King were talking, the Messenger arrived. He was so exhausted that he could hardly speak, but sank down on the ground and eventually panted out, "Oh, I *am* tired!"

"Poor fellow!" said the King. "I wonder what's the best thing to do when you're tired?"

"Have a Guinness," gasped the Messenger; and opening the bag that hung round his neck, he produced his bottle.

"By all means," said the King, taking the Guinness from the astonished Messenger. "Thank you very much. Of course," he went on, as he poured it out, "there's nothing like a Guinness when you're tired."



Alice didn't quite know what to say, so she remarked, "I've always heard that nothing takes the place of Guinness."

"Quite right!" said the King. "There *was* a Guinness in his bag—and now there's *nothing* in it!" Then, turning to the Messenger, he



continued, "Come, cheer up, my man! A glass of Guinness refreshes you for hours."

"But it isn't ours now," objected the Messenger. "It's yours!"

"What's yours?" asked the King, puzzled, as he raised the glass.

"Thanks," said the Messenger, quickly. "I'll have the Guinness!"

GUINNESS IS GOOD FOR YOU



A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

ENGLISH COLOUR PRINTS: HOPPNER AND HIS FAMILY.

By FRANK DAVIS.

I HAVE heard in my time all sorts of opinions expressed about the work of English eighteenth-century engravers. I have been solemnly assured that they provided their public with rubbishy and ephemeral copies of sentimental paintings, performing with doubtful accuracy the functions of the modern blockmaker and printer; and also that of

Siegen (1609—after 1676)—was brought to this country by Prince Rupert, whose splendid "Great Executioner" (after a picture by Ribera at Munich) still remains one of the best prints produced by this method. By the end of the seventeenth century the process had become so firmly established here that it was known all over Europe as "*la manière anglaise*," and from then onwards it was used for the reproduction of innumerable paintings thought by the publishers to have a popular appeal.

The great point about mezzotinting is its capacity to reproduce the *tones* of painting. The engraver works over his copper plate with an instrument

called a rocker, a tool with a curved edge and cutting teeth—this is "rocked" over the whole surface in various directions until the plate is roughened. The hollows of this roughening hold the ink, and the final effect is one of velvety softness, a quality which is seen to perfection in the background of Fig. 3, which comes from Russia (Hermitage Collection)—presumably an early impression and perfectly preserved. It is important to remember that the number of first-class prints that could be produced from any given plate was limited, because the burr caused by the rocker would quickly wear out in the press and the rich effect of the various tones would be lost. One can go so far as this—that it is impossible to form an opinion of the achievement of any mezzotint engraver (or, indeed, of an engraver by any other process) until one has had the opportunity of studying one of these early impressions, printed off before the plate became worn. People are always suffering disappointments on this score—they happen to own a mezzotint, one of a series of reprints done years after the original, and imagine they possess something worth several hundred pounds.

Though nearly all mezzotints are copied from well-known pictures and, from that point of view, are not original works, it is, I suggest, wholly absurd to dismiss them as commercial copies not so accurate

as photographs. They have a great deal more to recommend them than that. They are not mechanical reproductions, but rather individual interpretations which vary in merit according to the ability of the engraver. Indeed, some take the view that certain of them are actually improvements upon the original, just as it is asserted that FitzGerald's translation of Omar Khayyam is better than the Persian poem. Without going so far as that, it is fair to say that the best of them provide as good a translation of the original picture as Jowett's translation of Pericles' Funeral Oration in his "Thucydides"—they echo form and spirit pretty faithfully, and one really hasn't any right to demand more.



1. "CHILDREN BATHING"—PORTRAITS OF HOPPNER'S CHILDREN: A MEZZOTINT BY JAMES WARD AFTER HOPPNER.

all the delicious contributions to the art of their age, theirs is the most considerable and lasting achievement.

Between these two extremes of doctrine readers are permitted to pick their way as they choose—meanwhile it is possible that a good many people will find themselves in substantial agreement with what follows. The social history of the last part of the eighteenth century appears to show a society at once brutal, raffish, refined, and sentimental, in which it was the well-understood business of the artist to ignore the former and concentrate upon the latter qualities. (exceptions such as Rowlandson merely proving the general rule). There was no conscious humbug about it—it was a normal, natural, and pleasant enough instinct which made the whole tribe of painters produce portraits of fair ladies a trifle fairer than life and set in romantic surroundings a little remote from the mud of a farm and the filth of the streets. Indeed, in the light of current practice to-day, I would go as far as to shock a good many earnest critics and claim for a painter like John Hoppner a place among the Surrealists, who—we are informed upon the best authority—are only interested in giving to the world their visions of the subconscious mind. The difference, it seems to me, is that whereas Hoppner's subconscious was fairly well-disciplined and indulged in exceedingly pleasant if not very powerful visions—or, if he had silly dreams, didn't think them worth publishing—our exponents of the theory don't see things quite in the same way. For example, one gentleman—a magnificent draughtsman—has painted a portrait of his wife with a mutton chop on each shoulder: John Hoppner dreamed of his wife as in Fig. 3, as Henry Fielding's heroine in "Tom Jones," without any mutton chops anywhere near her.

Well, so much for the theory—and now for these prints *qua* prints. The technique of these mezzotints—first practised by Ludwig von



2. "JUVENILE RETIREMENT"—PORTRAITS OF THE DOUGLAS CHILDREN: A MEZZOTINT BY JAMES WARD AFTER HOPPNER.

The three illustrations are from an exhibition of English colour prints at the Sabin Galleries, and something of the quality of the originals emerges from the printed page, but not the extraordinary velvety tones, nor, of course, the delicacy of the colours. Some hold that the finest colour print made is the famous "Daughters of Sir Thomas Frankland," by Hoppner, engraved by William Ward (the well-known impression from the Hopkins Collection). Each to his choice, and mine is Fig. 3 (partly because of the wonderful tones of the background), with Figs. 1 and 2 a close second.

Of these, Fig. 1 is after the painting by Hoppner now in Mr. Widener's collection in Philadelphia (sold by the Hoppner family in 1893) and represents the painter's own children. Fig. 2—companion to it, and published at the same time (July 11, 1800)—is a group of the Douglas children, whose father was the Hon. John Douglas, second son of the fourteenth Earl of Morton by his wife, Frances Lascelles, eldest daughter of the then Earl of Harewood. Among the other items is a set of Wheatley's "Cries of London" (stipple engraving this, of course, and another story altogether)—or, rather, not a set, but *the* set which once belonged to Sir Edward Coats, was sold at Sotheby's some time ago, and by general consent provides a touchstone of quality for every other series of these thirteen prints.

One regret will possibly come to many minds as they look at these prints of famous Hoppner pictures—what a loss to English painting that this gifted man never applied himself seriously to pure landscape! His romantic interpretation of natural scenery is a good deal superior to that of Reynolds: as it is, the only landscapes we appear to have by him (apart from portrait backgrounds) are a few delightful chalk drawings. The student could do worse after visiting this exhibition than to spend a few moments in the Print Room of the British Museum, where he will find a few of these drawings in the national collection.



3. "PORTRAIT OF MRS. HOPPNER AS SOPHIA WESTERN," HENRY FIELDING'S HEROINE IN "TOM JONES": A MEZZOTINT BY J. R. SMITH AFTER HOPPNER.

This example, published on September 25, 1784, is in extraordinarily fine condition. It comes from the Hermitage Collection.

Reproductions by Courtesy of Messrs. Frank T. Sabin.



By Appointment

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During our discussion at the Club, as to what luggage to take on our proposed Dutch cruise in John Graham's yacht, who should walk in but J. G. himself. "If you take my advice" said he, "you will bring a Revelation each—then you'll have bags of room."

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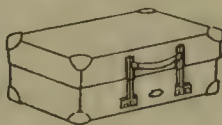
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Of Interest to Women.



Modes for the Autumn.

There is no doubt about it that dressmakers are thinking of modes for the autumn, therefore the following notes from the early collections cannot fail to be of interest.

Sleeves are not so exaggerated and the shoulders are toned down. A new sleeve of the bishop persuasion is rather voluminous, with pleats at the elbow and wrist; the band is banished. High necklines continue finished with neat collar-bands or upstanding frills. As the waistline is ever much discussed it must be stated that it is more often than not in its normal position. Nevertheless, in the case of evening dresses it may be dropped at the back. Most assuredly has monotony been banished from skirts. There are those of the tube character, which look so smart with tunics or coats with flared basques, and some have godets. Persian lamb, Alaska seal, nutria, and fox are extensively used for decorative purposes.

Wrappers that Please.

The distinction that lies in these wrappers is that they are Liberty's (Regent Street) throughout, and in them are reflected the latest commands of that erratic goddess, Fashion. Ere dressing for dinner after a strenuous day women realise the fact that they need something simple which may be donned in the fraction of a second. Artistic shades are necessary, and nowhere in the world are more lovely colour schemes to be seen than in the Liberty salons. The fabricating medium of the wrapper on the extreme right was created by this firm. It really is a very beautiful hand-printed crape. Among its manifold advantages is that it is endowed with unique draping possibilities, and may be folded into a very small space for packing. When shaken out, creases disappear with great rapidity.

Suzette and Velvet.

The breakfast jacket on the right is sure to make a direct appeal to women who love beautiful things. It is carried out in fancy velvet that in the distance suggests chenille, its charm being increased by marabou, while the cost of the same is four guineas. In the centre of the page is an altogether charming silk wrapper for £4 9s. 6d. It is particularly appropriate for the débutante, and may form an important part of the trousseau. Neither must it be overlooked that here are to be seen rest gowns in printed Sungleam crape, with a good wrap-over and pretty sash for 49s. 6d. Dressing-gowns in hand-printed silk and wool crape lined with heavy crêpe de Chine are six and a half guineas. It is sometimes forgotten that this firm excel in lingerie, therefore they have contributed to this page a shell-pink crape Suzette negligé, worn with a wrapper to harmonise. As prices are ever important, it must be related that hand-made nightdresses in heavy crêpe de Chine are 32s. 6d., and satin cami-knickers enriched with coffee-coloured lace are 25s. 6d. Satin nightdresses trimmed with net cost 39s. 6d. It should be noted that the lingerie department is on the third floor of the Tudor building, and that a brochure will gladly be sent gratis and post free. Naturally the name of this paper must be mentioned.



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In the daytime prevent a shiny nose with Noshine (4/6) used before powdering according to the new technique with Japonica Powder dusted over Ardena Powder in a slightly different shade. This gives the complexion a smooth finish that lasts for hours without retouching.

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AN ANTI-GAS DEMONSTRATION AT COLINDALE: MOTOR-VANS WITH SPECIALLY CONSTRUCTED GAS-TIGHT BODIES AS MOBILE GAS CHAMBERS FOR USE IN AN EXTENSIVE SCHEME OF ANTI-GAS TRAINING; AND (RIGHT) THE NEW CIVILIAN RESPIRATOR—A WOMAN AND A POLICE OFFICER EACH WEARING ONE; THE WOMAN HAVING ONE OF THE SERVICE TYPE OF RESPIRATORS SLUNG FROM HER SHOULDER.

On July 17 a demonstration of mobile gas chambers, to be used in a scheme of anti-gas training, was given at the Metropolitan Police College, Colindale. It is intended that about forty of the gas motor-vans shall visit every part of the country. For training purposes a form of tear-gas which can cause no serious injury will be the only one used. At the demonstration specimens of the new civilian respirator, which is to be made in millions during the next two or three years and, if necessary, distributed free to the public, were on view and could be tested.

FINANCE AND INVESTMENT.

By HARTLEY WITHERS.

ON THE EVE OF THE HOLIDAYS.

LIKE boys and girls at school, investors and speculators likewise have to have their regular holidays at Christmas and Easter, and for a longer spell at the time when summer may be expected to be hottest. This summer holiday is not as faithfully observed as it used to be. Time was when it was generally recognised in the City that business might be expected to go to sleep in the middle of July and remain in a somnolent state at least until the latter part of September. In recent years we have seen quite a fair amount of activity in the stock markets all through this period; and it would not be surprising

if in the months that are now upon us this may happen again. That old idea of a summer siesta was based on a more or less stable state of affairs—business went to sleep because investors were able to see their way ahead, and so could depart for their grouse-moors, or for the Margate front, as the case might be, and forget all about their holdings and commitments, certain that when they chose to take up the threads of business in the autumn nothing catastrophic would have happened to alter the value of their securities. Such stability has gone with the snows of yesteryear—these are the days of bombshells, which make it necessary for investors to exercise vigilance to an extent that adds a new interest to life; and at the same time the recent change in investment fashion has given an important place to ordinary shares, or to Fixed Trust certificates covering

[Continued overleaf.]



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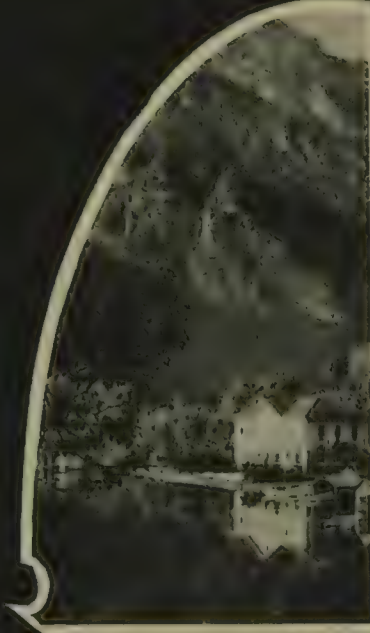
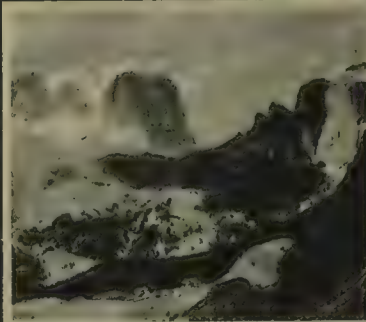
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(Continued.)

a multiplicity of ordinary shares, in the holding of all up-to-date investors. This change, so important in educating the public concerning the facts and prospects of business in general, encourages it to keep a closer eye on trade conditions. Nevertheless, the end of July is still a milestone in the business year; and it is not a bad thing when one reaches a milestone to pause and look back over the road traversed, so as to use the experiences gained for the stage that is before us.

BRIGHT CONDITIONS AT HOME.

As usual, there is plenty of light and shade in the landscape, and the feature that is most prominent, as we all are happy to note, is the brightness of conditions in our home market and in most of our Dominions and Dependencies, and in the countries of our friends and neighbours of the sterling group. At home, all the indications point to continued activity and good trade—a stream of company reports showing increased profits and higher dividends generally it is satisfactory to note, after making increased allocations to reserves and carry-forward—growing railway traffics, expanding note circulation (partly owing to Continental hoarding of British currency), higher wholesale prices, bringing back a chance of prosperity to primary producers, better employment figures, and larger retail purchases, indicating that our business activity is soundly based on the increased consuming power of all ranks of the community. Even the foreign trade figures—as to which something will have to be said later, as one of the less reassuring features—show, with their indication of heavy imports of raw materials, that British industry is equipping itself with the sinews of further expansion.

REACTION NOT IN SIGHT.

All these cheering symptoms, of course, only show that we have been doing very well for some time, which everybody knew. What we all want to be able to see is that we can go on with this progress, without that revival in foreign trade, the lack of which has kept certain of our industries in a condition of slackness and depression. A stupid phrase that is too commonly heard tells us that we are prospering by "taking in one another's washing," and that this is not really good business and is bound to break down. In fact, we have been prospering by producing and

consuming an increased quantity of the goods and services which make life pleasant and comfortable, and exchanging these products within our own boundaries. By this increased production we are definitely enriching ourselves and giving a chance of fuller life to those who are most in need of it. A self-contained community, able to produce all that it needs, could go on enriching itself in this way until the crack of doom. Such a community, of course, does not exist anywhere, and to all nations, and especially to us, with our world-wide commitments, a certain amount of foreign trade is essential to full prosperity. But the notion that there is any essential weakness in domestic activity, which must necessarily bring it to a stop, is just moonshine. As long as we have demands at home to meet—and heaven knows that there is plenty to be done in this queer, muddled old country of ours—and productive power to meet them, of which we still have a handsome margin, home-made activity can, and will, go on, unless we choose to upset it by some kind of industrial or social disturbance, of which there is no indication.

MR. RUNCIMAN'S TESTIMONY.

As to the future of our industry, we have lately had a cheering forecast from Mr. Runciman, which is all the more reassuring because at one time the President of the Board of Trade was among those who thought it right to warn the country that saturation in the home market was a probability to be reckoned with. Speaking in the House of Commons one day last week, he pointed out that the factors on which trade revival had been based are all still in operation. They were, first, the restoration and maintenance of confidence, following a series of balanced Budgets; second, the protection given to the home market; third, the development of overseas markets, largely under the influence of bilateral agreements with Empire and foreign countries; and, finally, the "fertilising influence of cheap money." The confidence of the business community, Mr. Runciman told us, is still unimpaired; and he might have added that it is now so firmly based that it has accepted with equanimity the prospect of a Budget deficit and the expectation of a loan—contrary to all traditions of "sound finance"—for rearmament purposes. The "trend of industrial profits is still upward, and although costs are gradually rising, there are no

indications that profit-margins are likely to be much reduced." He also laid stress on the higher imports of raw materials as a favourable sign; and added that money is being spent freely, and that the further expansion of employment and recent wage increases in certain industries will surely lead to a larger volume of consumption. He concluded his survey of the home market by observing that when the anticipated slackening in house-building comes (of which there is at present no sign) it would be offset by work needed under the defence, railway, road, and slum-clearance schemes.

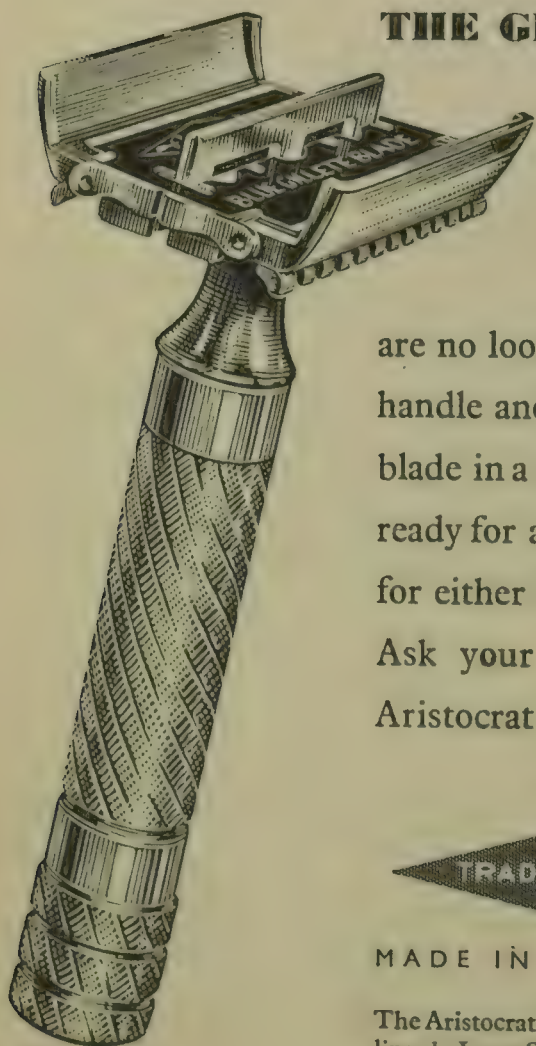
THE FOREIGN TRADE OUTLOOK.

Our export trades have been, as everyone knows, hampered by all kinds of restrictions imposed abroad, and the half-year ended with an intensification of this tendency, with the result that the so-called adverse balance has been considerably increased, having risen by nearly £11 millions in the past six months. Since this feature is chiefly due to heavier imports of raw materials, and must be offset to some extent by higher "invisible exports" in the shape of better profits earned by British capital from producing companies overseas and some improvement in shipping earnings, there is no need to be alarmed about it. Moreover, Mr. Runciman seemed to be fairly hopeful even on the subject of foreign trade. World trade, he told the House, was slowly expanding, and the international background was "slightly less unfavourable" than in recent months. Nevertheless he thought that for some time to come the hopes of our exporters would be centred mainly on a continued expansion of trade with Empire and other countries within the sterling area.

With these indications before him it seems likely that the judicious investor will be inclined to confine his attention to those British industries which will benefit by the influences which Mr. Runciman has named as probably active in the near future—namely, expenditure on defence, railways, roads, and slum clearance, the free spending of money by all classes, and improving trade with Empire and sterling block countries. Here is a wide field for the investor; and if he finds that the prices of securities are higher than purchasers would like to see them, he can console himself with Mr. Runciman's assurance that the "trend of industrial profits is still upward."

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★ This painting by C.W. Cope, R.A. (reading from left to right), depicts Thomas Guy conferring with Dr. Mead the Physician and Mr. Stear the Architect upon the plan for the building of Guy's Hospital.



THOMAS GUY founded the great hospital which bears his name over 200 years ago, and commenced a remarkable tradition of efficient philanthropy. Fortunately, Guy was not only a generous benefactor but a far-sighted man and the wonderful success of his Hospital, which has now grown into a great City of Healing, is largely due to the fact that it has always been conducted under the terms drawn up in his will. Thomas Guy and the great names of Medicine and Surgery associated with the Hospital fill an illustrious page in the medical history of this country.

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AT NOON

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Totnes, Devon	-	4,525
Droitwich, Worcs	-	4,553
Devizes, Wilts	-	6,058
Romsey, Hants	-	5,779
Bodmin, Cornwall	-	5,526
Maldon, Essex	-	6,559

Guy's Hospital meets the ever-increasing calls made upon it only with the greatest difficulty. The Surgical Block, the Dispensary and the Children's Ward have long been out of date, and the Nurses' Home needs enlarging. Yet Guy's treasure chest is empty—all income, and much more, expended in the maintenance and extension of the Hospital in carrying on its increasing work for suffering humanity. *Your* donation would help the 11,000 in-patients, the 100,000 out-patients, the mothers, the babies, who are given health and happiness within the gates of the "City of Healing."

Please send your donation to THE LORD NUFFIELD, Treasurer, Guy's Hospital, London Bridge, S.E.1.

Guy's

HOSPITAL

A CITY OF HEALING ...
with an empty treasure chest

THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

ARE we to be saddled with still more severe motoring laws? Anyone reading the discussion that took place in the House of Lords the other day touching the matter of road accidents

taken among motorists and non-motorists on the subject of the dangerous driver, asking for opinions on his ill-doing, the former would display far more feeling against him than even the most rabidly anti-motoring section of the latter. We have no use for him in our ranks, and would willingly assist in all and any measures for his elimination. Having gone thus far, I am going to take the point that it is wholly wrong to direct all the attention to the motorist and his misdeeds when discussing this question of safety on the roads. If we study the analyses of

The trouble at the present moment is that those in authority simply will not recognise the fact that modern road traffic must be regarded as a whole. There is only one *traffic*, made up, it is true, of several elements, but whether the particular element to be considered is the motor-vehicle, the cyclist, or the pedestrian, that element is simply part of the traffic, and you cannot logically hope to solve the problem of the whole by legislating for or against any one of its constituents.

For nearly half a century successive Governments have passed legislation dealing with the motorist and his vehicle. Each succeeding Act of Parliament has been more drastic in its definitions of offence and in the penalties to be visited upon it. Yet the actual influence of all the legislation and regulation upon the toll of the roads has been, to say the very least, far short of what was hoped. I would go so far as to express the belief that if we

[Continued overleaf.]



A NEW BRITISH LINER FOR AN EASTERN SERVICE: A PICTURE BY FRANK H. MASON OF HOW THE "CITY OF BENARES" (RIGHT) WILL APPEAR WHEN COMPLETED.

The "City of Benares," of Ellerman's City and Hall Lines, is at present being completed at the Clyde shipyard of Messrs. Barclay, Curle and Co., Ltd., Glasgow. She is to be launched on August 5, and her maiden voyage is scheduled to begin from Liverpool on October 24 for Karachi and Bombay. A feature of this service is that it is the only direct service from the United Kingdom to Karachi.

must gather the impression that the Government is so disquieted at the apparently static records of accidents on the highways that it contemplates the introduction of new legislation. Every speaker agreed that by far the great majority of motorists are skilful, courteous, and exercise due care when driving, but that there is a minority who have neither road sense nor any appreciation of what good behaviour means. It is to that minority that speaker after speaker ascribed the present ghastly total of deaths and injuries on the roads.

In common with all motorists who try to behave decently on the highways, I have nothing but condemnation for the dangerous or the inconsiderate driver. I am quite certain that if plebiscites were

accidents and their causes which are so carefully compiled by the Ministry of Transport, we find that there are many other causes at work than carelessness or want of consideration on the part of the motorist. There is no need to go into details — they can be ascertained from the official publications dealing with the subject.



A LINCOLN "ZEPHYR"; SHOWING HOW PLEASANT SO-CALLED "AERODYNAMIC CURVES" CAN BE WHEN PROPERLY HANDLED: THE CAR ON THE ROAD BETWEEN STOKE POGES AND SLOUGH.

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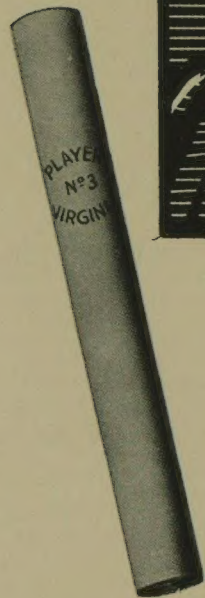
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And when you come to leave Germany there is one custom of the country you will surely have adopted: you will not say "Good-bye," but, as your charming hosts invariably do, you will say "Auf Wiedersehen."

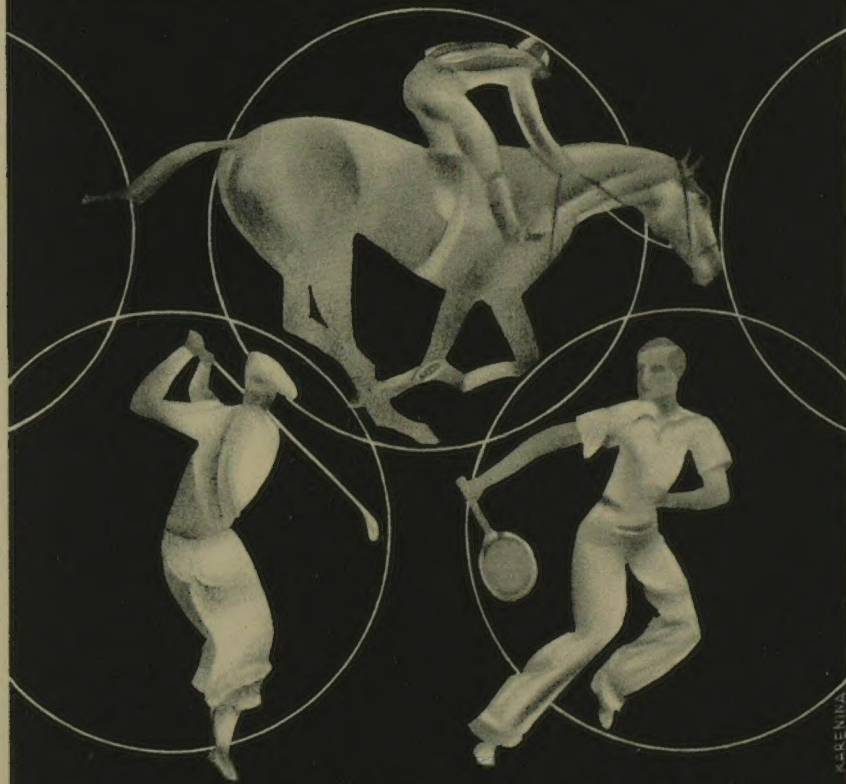
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BAEDER-U. KURVERWALTUNG BADEN-BADEN (SOUTH GERMANY)

(Continued.)

were still working under the old Motor Car Act of 1903, there would be neither more nor fewer accidents.

Some day authority will recognise that the one and only way to achieve traffic control is to bring the whole under regulation—motorist, cyclist, pedestrian and all the rest. It is axiomatic that you cannot make people careful by Act of Parliament, and that applies to every class of road-user in equal measure. You can go some way towards it by making people think of what will happen if the law catches them doing silly things. Up to the present, Governments have exercised this kind of persuasion upon the motorist, but have left all the rest of the elements severely alone.

It has not worked, and it cannot work. Until, as I have said, we regard traffic as a single problem, and cease to deal with that problem by segregation, so to speak, I cannot see how the accident statistics are to be materially reduced, excepting through education and continuous "safety-first" propaganda. Good as the latter may be, its end can only be attained slowly. What we want is an immediate amelioration, and the only way to achieve that is through a complete recasting of current ideas on traffic control.

Last week, the 100,000th Series I. Morris "Eight" came off the assembly line at Cowley. This represents an average of over 1000 a week since the car was announced in September 1934, and has never before been approached by any British car manufacturer. This Series I. "Eight" has continuously accounted for over 60 per cent. of all new cars taxed at 8 h.p. in this country. The Morris "Eight" was so far in advance of its time that it has never been necessary radically to alter its design. Apart from one or two minor improvements, the cars being delivered to-day are exactly the same as those which have been on the road for nearly two years, and week by week the "Eight" is still selling in even greater numbers.

"SPRING TIDE," AT THE DUCHESS.

THE courage of inexperience seems to have inspired the authors of this comedy. Nothing so unashamedly romantic has been seen on the London stage for a long time. No seasoned dramatist would have dared to write such a play. It has been left to two novices to produce what may well prove to be one of the most successful plays yet staged at the Duchess. Mrs. Porrett, a Titian-haired ex-barmaid, runs a boarding-house for impecunious genius. There is a highbrow composer who persists in writing sonatas instead of jazz; a middle-class playwright who writes drawing-room comedies, and a glib-tongued share-pusher, and so on. It is a well-assorted house, there being a girl for every boy, and they are all suitably in love with each other. When Mrs. Porrett is unable to pay her bills and is in danger of being sold up, Mr. O'Hara, an Irishman with a fine faith in the recuperative and inspirational qualities of brown ale, offers her the use of a derelict houseboat. The household thereupon forms itself into a commonwealth, each member pledging him- or herself to contribute two-thirds of their total earnings to the pool. Once on board the lugger, so to speak, Mr. O'Hara proves himself the captain of everyone's fate. He advises his crew how best to employ their talents, and engages the share-pusher to sell their wares to editors, music-publishers, and theatrical managers, with marvellous results. A year later, back in the Bloomsbury boarding-house, so much has been contributed to the pool that, after all expenses have been paid, there is a share-out of one thousand pounds per member. This is a fairy-tale, but it is a very charming and amusing one. The highest praise must go to the older actors. Miss Louise Hampton is a "dear" as the landlady, and Mr. Arthur Sinclair's hospitable Irishman is in his best vein. Mr. Arthur Hambling, as a nautical man-of-all-work, is a joy, and an extremely funny sketch of a voluble gentleman who is completely inaudible is contributed by Mr. Frederick T. Cooper.

This character is the most original seen on the West End stage since Mr. Stafford Hilliard's Silent Passenger in "Quarantine."

"SAINT JOAN OF ARC."

(Continued from page 148.)

questions is—were the voices *real*? Real in the sense that they actually came, as Joan passionately believed, from the King of Heaven, or from some actual visitants upon earth—St. Michael, St. Gabriel, St. Catherine, and St. Margaret—whom she claimed to have seen repeatedly not merely in visions, but in bodily presence?

The question, we conceive, will not be answered in our present stage of knowledge; for who yet can distinguish satisfactorily between imagination and reality? To say that Joan's voices were imaginary—to say even that they were delusions—does not mean that they were unreal to her, or that she was mad. Miss Sackville-West insists that Joan was not an ecstatic or a mystic in the usual sense, and that, according to her own testimony, the voices came to her quite unbidden. It is true that she did not live the withdrawn, other-worldly life of the mystic as he is usually found in literature and history; but it is also clear that from the earliest age she must have been *dévote* in a peculiar degree, living an intense, introspective life of romantic piety which was not unlikely (as Mr. Andrew Lang has suggested) to produce strange results at the critical age of twelve. It is not without significance, also, that Joan's visions took exactly the crude, highly-coloured forms which we should expect in such circumstances. She always dealt in gorgeous golden crowns, and wings, and dazzling lights and sweet odours. Pressed repeatedly at her trial, she steadfastly refused to describe the apparitions in greater detail than these poetic generalities (perhaps because she was afraid of being caught out in some technical flaw in the description of figures well defined in learned hagiology?). But, speculate as we will—consider her though we may as the handmaid of heaven or as the victim of tragic hallucinations—her splendour abides and shines in this, that believing what she did, and believing it as the fruit of a pure and devoted and courageous life, she defied the mightiest organisation on earth to rob her of her revelation and challenged hell itself to shake her conviction.

C. K. A.



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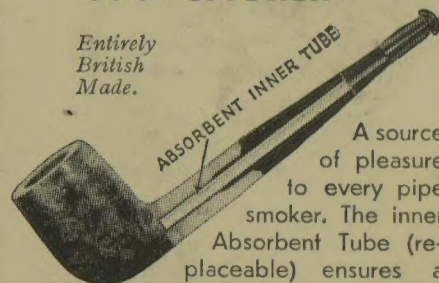
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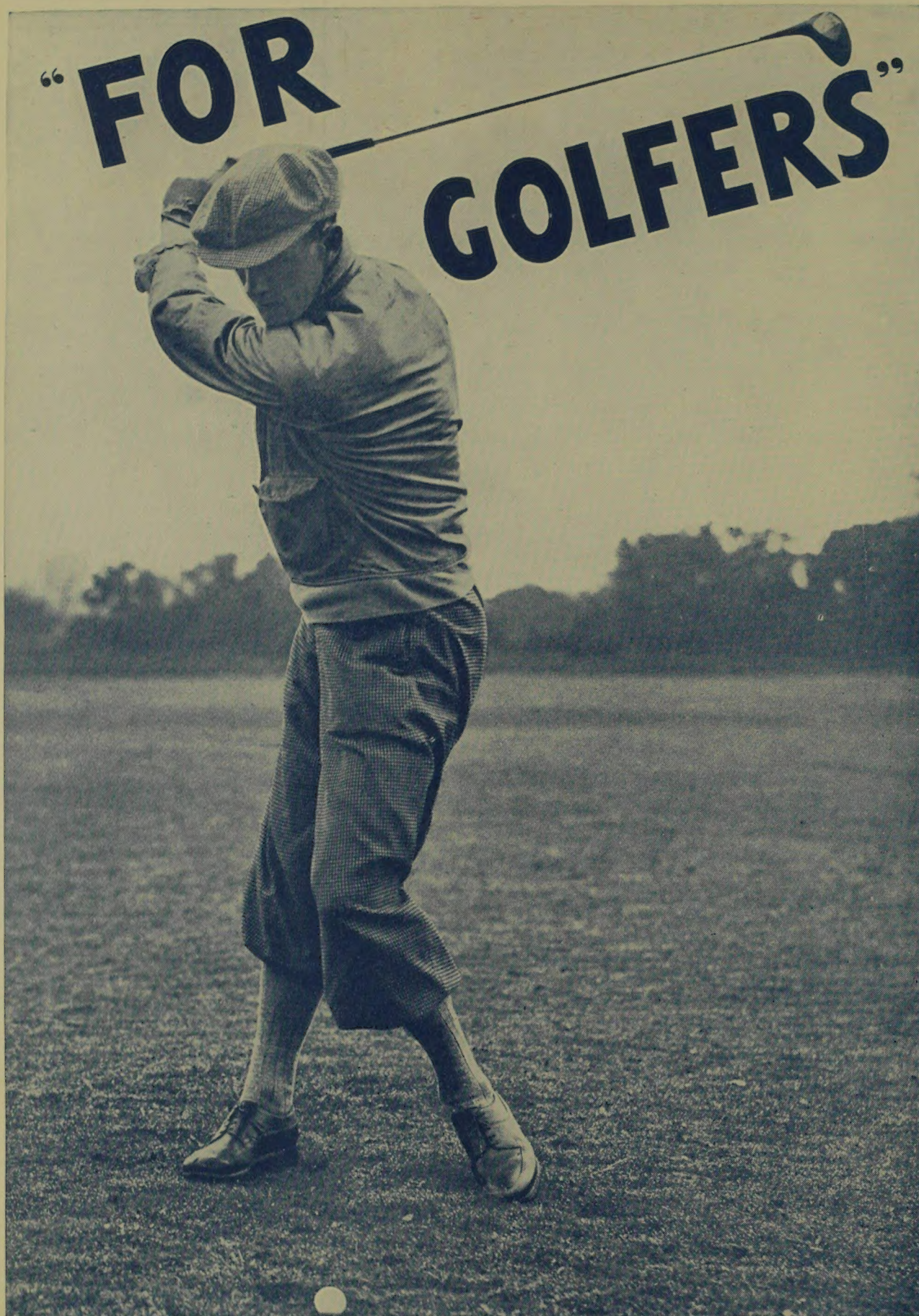
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